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A COLLECTION
OF
MISCELLANEOUS
POEMS,

MORAL, RELIGIOUS, SENTIMENTAL,
AND AMUSING.

BY H. S. GIBSON.

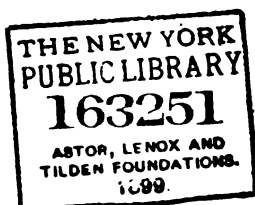
"The study of Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward;
it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments;
it has given me (or at least strengthened in me) the habit to discover the
good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."

Coleridge.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. CRISSY—4 MINOR STREET.

1834.

R. A. H.



ENTERED according to act of congress, in the year 1834,
by H. S. GIBSON, in the clerk's office of the district court for
the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Printed by J. Crissy & G. Goodman—4, Minor street.

PREFACE.

THE Author makes his most respectful bow, and expresses the sincere obligation he is under to those who have supported him in his exertions to publish the work to which they have so kindly subscribed.

As he personally solicited their patronage, they are, generally, aware of the primary object which he had in view; and, although a *pecuniary* reward (after satisfying the printer's demands, &c. which have made sad havock with his *subscription list*) would have been more gratifying the more it had been increased; yet he has every reason to be grateful and contented with the *spoil* that has fallen to his lot, since he remembers with pleasure, that those who have supported him are in company with the most honoured, enlightened and refined, that adorn the extensive circle of society in which they move.

His miscellany presents VARIETY in her mantle "of many colours." Such as it is, he has a surplus *balance on hand*—enough to form a similar volume, exclusive of a *pet* production comprising about one hundred pages, entitled the "Vision of War." Alas! the expenses of publication, of

that and the other Poems, if indiscreetly hazarded, would destroy the peace of mind of a better Poet in worse circumstances; and the Author dare not incur them to gratify his vanity instead of his purse, when the chance is so much in favour of his reaping *chagrin* instead of remuneration.

To conclude: in an erect, if not graceful, position—with his features somewhat flushed by the embarrassment of his feelings—his right hand upon his heart, he imagines that he hears Echo's spirit-voice mimic the music-breathing lips of either one of the fair "Invincibles," stationed in this city, as they pronounce in the sweetest tone imaginable, the order of stern command in the following musical words—

"March—march—away."

"To hear is to obey."

Exit THE AUTHOR.

Philadelphia, January, 1834.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

HOW TO GET THROUGH.

This Impromptu was left upon the desk of a friend who allowed the author the occasional use of his office, for the purpose of preparing his volume for publication.

A Poet (poor fellow! *that* is nothing strange)—

Has tried through Fortune's path to "get along:"

His new ideas forever dwell on *change*—

Will that pass current for an idle song?

The price of modern poetry is cheap—

Wit, like good wine, is better old than new;

Shall I, who by my wits must live, yet weep?

No—diamond like, I'll *cut* my bright way through;*

Aye, through the world in which I'll cut a dash,

And run the gauntlet tho' the Critics lash:

Yet if *my* diamond wit should prove but *paste*,

When through the better, so I'm off in haste.

* This line is borrowed from Moore, I believe; from memory at any rate.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

APOLOGY

FOR REFUSING TO ALLOW A LADY THE PERUSAL OF A PRIVATE LETTER.

Place thou before the noon-day sun
A burning glass, and let his rays
Through its bright centre's surface run,
And thus set *tinder* in a blaze.
But I this letter dare not trust,
Without the glass before thy eyes ;
Lest ere I read they burn it first,
And with the *flame* the secret dies.
If ashes then, then where would be
My hopes and fears, a lover's claims ?
I know should this thy bright eyes *see*,
That *I* should *feel* them all in flames.

THE FESTIVAL OF DEATH.

A GRAVE YARD SCENE.

The moon was full and sickly pale,
And the earth was dimly lighted ;
My heart and strength began to fail,
Among the graves benighted.
There lost, I leaned upon a tomb—
An earthquake voice had rumbled ;
Exhausted, fainting midst the gloom
Surrounding me, I stumbled

There long I lay and there I saw
A form that past me glided,
A hundred others passed or more,
Ere I my fears derided.
Then looking, I beheld them not,
They vanished like my breath there ;
And soon I rose to leave the spot,
For all was still as death there.

Cold drops of sweat fell from my brow—
With fears I tried to prattle ;
But ah ! I recollect me now,
Ah, how *my* bones did rattle :
I moved—so did the cypress trees
The tombs that over shaded,
And willows bending to the breeze,
With heavy dews o'erladed.

But this is folly ; *fool*, said I, '
Light headed, heavy hearted ;
A hundred echoes did reply—
At every one I started.
" Fool," echo'd from each hollow grave,
" Fool," from the tombs around me ;
But all my wisdom could not save
Me from the spell that bound me.


I sank upon a smooth flat stone,
The " Death-watch" tick'd, dread token ;
Imprisoned Hope cried with a groan,
Oh, be these fetters broken !

Then where my trembling body lay,
Those spirits stood before me ;
Wrapp'd in their winding sheets were they,
Yet spake not if they saw me.

And fearful limbs their robes concealed,
Pale moon beams on them glancing ;
Yet oft the many folds revealed
Their forms as they were dancing.
And thrice three times the ring went round,
As though no graves obstructed
The spectre circle, o'er the ground
That moved uninterrupted.

They vanished like a dreamy thought—
A dimness then came o'er me ;
I saw not e'en the tombs, and nought
Could I discern before me.
Light visited my eyes again,
Death's banquet scene succeeded,
And they were seated near me then,
Whose *festival* I heeded.

Upon the smooth flat stones were laid
The skeletons unbroken,
Of fish and fowl and beast, displayed
Where not a word was spoken ;
They were untouched by bony hands
That rattled 'mong the *glasses* :
(Not those through which time's sifted sands
Runs softly as it passes)—



I mean those bright transparent cups
Which mortals use, I'm thinking,
When not e'en midnight interrupts
Their revels, when they're *drinking* :
Who sport with life at every breath
They draw, and pledge each other,
When at the festival of Death,
Remembered by some brother.

Those cups were fill'd with very flame,
Blue fire and red, and mingled—
Blood colour, tints without a name ;
But how those glasses jingled !
I saw the Bacchanalians rise,
Their skulls, those fires illumed there ;
Red flaming balls rolled where their eyes
Once "blood shot," had consumed there.

A form—a fiery spirit—red—
All flame—(oh, for to-morrow,
I groaned) yet moveless on my bed
I saw the sight of horror:
Aye, then the sports of Death I saw,
The skeleton's displaying,
And antic tricks—bones rattled more—
The Devil there was playing.

The portals open'd of each tomb ;
In all directions flying,
Those spirits went to learn the doom,
Of DRUNKARDS that were dying.

To greet with ghostly welcome those,
To-morrow that would meet them;
For here since "spirits" were their foes,
There, spirit friends may greet them.

MEDITATION IN SOLITUDE.

My bosom heaves; so swells the mighty sea,
Where storms now struggle 'neath its moonlit breast;
Quick throbs the heart whose spirit would be free,
Yet hugs its fetters in its cell of rest:
By moonlight beam the prison walls may be
Illum'd without, but darkness! from thy crest,
Deep shadows fall where mantled sorrow seems,
An image chain'd down in a world of dreams.

Oh, heavy weight of wo that sinks so deep
Within the heart, the spirit feels the pain;
Why when hope slumbers in her death-like sleep,
Does not some angel rouse her up again?
What is the harvest which the soul would reap,
But bliss, whose seeds so oft are sown in vain!
Yet why? (our follies on ourselves recoil—)
Alas! we sow them on a barren soil.

Can earth produce the fruit of Paradise?
Ah no! nor Heaven the sordid joys of sense;
Can the gross body to ethereal skies
Ascend, and bow before omnipotence?

Oh no, for when immortal spirits rise,
They do not bear their heavy burdens hence:
Pure essence to its fountain head's consigned,
When earth to earth and dust to dust's resigned.

What is the world? Temptation's lurking place,
Where sin gives birth to wo, and hope to fear;
Where man exists till life and death embrace,
With one last pang to part forever here:
Th' immortal soul then seeks a dwelling place
Within the spirit's reach, in some high sphere—
Higher and brighter than this earth we tread,
Which but retains the relicts of the dead.

Pride, pomp and splendour, heraldry, and arms
That glitter in the glare of war's red blaze,
What is the lustre of their gilded charms,
Which lures the world when dazzled by the rays
Of glory's sunbeams;—when the loud alarms
Recall the dying groans of other days!
Oh History! upon thy scroll appears
The blood-stained records of a thousand years.

Proud Fashion, throw thy purple robes aside
But for awhile, and leave thy banquet halls;
E'en masque thyself for fear the world would chide;
And haste, for now the voice of anguish calls:
Fair Virtue's in distress; and at her side,
The poor, beloved, the wretched helpless falls—
Alas! too late comes charitable pride,
Except to know how hunger's victim died.

Almighty Power! that fills yon ample skies
 With wisdom, love, and glory all thy own!
 A universe of worlds beneath thee lies,
 And boundless space surrounds thee on thy throne!
 Thou knowest all things, and what thoughts arise
 From hearts that throb in silence and alone.
 "Whatever is, is right" if understood;
 We know but this, that thou art great and good.

THE SLEEPER'S DREAM,

UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF "MANIA A POTU."

"The young men shall see visions, and the old men shall dream dreams."

I saw a strange unearthly spot, or vale,
 And seven high mountains with their rocky crests
 Surrounded it:—my spirit's strength doth fail—
 The dreamy horror yet upon me rests.
 No sun, no moon, no stars shed forth their light
 Of Heavenly lustre o'er that dooms-day land;
 A dark day dawned, or *visible* was night—
 The air grew thick, as 'twere, with burning sand:
 I heard strange sounds like fetters when they shackle—
 Like burning embers when the fire brands crackle;
 And cursings—groans—
 And horrid moans:
 Red lightnings flashed
 And thunders crashed,
 And swords, spears, shields, against each other clashed.

Then sprang a column up of red hot flame,
 E'en from the centre of the desert place :
 Had Ætna's bosom, bursting 'neath the same,
 Spread conflagration round each mountain's base,
 'Twere nought contrasted with the sight I saw,
 Of that vast amphitheatre of fire !
 I thought from hell's hot furnace it burst o'er
 Each mountain's summit, to the clouds and higher :
 Aye, nature doomed
 To be consumed :
 And in my dreams
 Of fiery streams,
 I saw a nightmare hag and heard her screams.

Then, darkness like the midnight of the tomb,
 Or chaos, brooding in the depths of space,
 Whence Satan sprung to hear his final doom,
 Grew ten fold deeper round that desert place ;
 Save in the burning centre of the same,
 A fire globe dwindled to a starry spark ;
 It soon spread forth a white and *bluish* flame,
 That rose and fell and flickered in the dark :
 (Like taper light,
 Now dim, now bright ;
 Where chambered death
 Feels not the breath
 Of Zephyr's wing) then burst upon my sight.


That flame increased—more vivid still it grew,
 Assumed a shape half demon, half divine :
 It looked like burning steel of nameless hue ;
 'Twas first, man's form, then monster SIN, 'twas thine.

Oh, then red horrors in my bosom burned,
And nightmare demons gave one general yell ;
Upon my bed of flames at last I turned,
'Woke by the monster from his native hell ;
To fright my soul
With dread control,
Came Virtue at the phantom's side ;
With out-spread arms,
• All hail her charms,
Who weeps o'er many a drunkard's weeping bride.

PARTING WORDS.

The dimpled smiles which once o'erspread
Thy features, and the blush
Of beauty's bloom from thee hath fled,
And left the hectic flush :
And now, the mournful smile I see
That mingles with that hue,
Hath wrought no other change in me,
Save weeping over you.

With pain I could endure to hear
Thy faint voice grow more weak,
Until thy pale lips in my ear
Had lost the strength to speak :
If hope sustained me, I for years
Could gaze on thee as now ;
In silent grief conceal my tears,
And bathe thy burning brow.



Perhaps I could submit to more
Of anguish than I've known,
With prayers kind heaven would restore
Those blessings which have flown—
Love's tenderness without its tears,
That brighter days may see
Hope's rosy smile, without the fears
So soon of losing thee.

But never—never could I part
Forever from thee here ;
'Twould break this almost broken heart,
That holds thee now so dear.
Though thy pure spirit went to rest,
In brighter spheres to dwell—
Though knowing thou wouldst there be blessed,
How can I say "Farewell."

I may, but Oh ! I could not be
Long severed from thee then ;
Like two united streams should we
Soon mingle there again.
If from this world thou must depart—
From earth when thou hast flown,
I know—I know 'twill break the heart,
That throbs for thee alone.

IMPROMPTU.

Oh! Mrs. R^{ose}-ll of the royal race,
 Of whom my modest muse hath never sung;
 Alas! I've never seen thy matchless face,
 And never heard the music of thy tongue.

Burn not thy "Black Book" yet, 'twill see the law,
 Make judges (*ba-* the court) the jury smile,
 And lawyers fight as they have fought before;
 For gossip, *fine*, *fun* for the world awhile.

Man flies from thee—the ladies hide their faces,
 And thine! the beaux all wonder how *that* looks!
 And without G the graces would run races,
 To 'scape thy royal favour and thy *Black-Books*.

July 30, 1829.

THE MISTAKE

"OF A NEAR-SIGHTED "EXQUISITE."

HAL. Look! Tom, oh! look at that angelic form
 That stands before us. Lo! every movement,
 Every careless motion that she makes,
 Some soft and fascinating grace displays
 That quite bewitches me. But oh! that veil
 Conceals a face more beautiful and bright:
 Perhaps a pair of soft blue beaming eyes,
 Which form the contrast to her ruby lips,
 Are lurking there!
 And there, methinks, her *maiden* dreams of love

Create a blush which o'er her features spread,
And mingles with her dimples and her smiles.

TOM. You speak of *only* her who wears the veil!

HAL. Of *her* alone. How gracefully she lifts
Her snow-white arm; and now off goes
Her delicate kid glove. I'm tempted now
To grasp that hand, and press it to my lips!
Its whiteness shames that alabaster neck
On which it leans: had *I* that hand—

TOM. Hush—that's her daughter's neck;
The mother's quite deformed, and very lame.

HAL. Pshaw, hang her daughter's neck.

TOM. Thou art a gallant executioner!

THE THREAT REVENGED.

I can not tell the reason why,
When twining round thy brow the wreath,
I fluttered without wings to fly,
And trembled like an aspen leaf.
What is there dreadful in thy charms,
Thou little Sorceress! explain,
Why, when I'd clasp thee in my arms,
I then would fly thee, yet in vain!

As the sweet songs of summer birds
I love to hear, so do I thine;
There's no *confusion* in the words
Thou ~~speakest~~ me, that answers *mine*;

My half averted eyes are fixed
In stolen glances on thy own,
And then are strange emotions mixed
Within my heart, love's burning throne.

Why, when I tremble 'neath their light,
And thy bright orbs illumine my heart,
Dost thou not quickly quit my sight,
Or set me free and say, *depart*.
But nay—thy every song that's sung,
Thy winning words beguile the hours,
And beauty's witchery is flung
From lips of soul-enchancing powers.

Thy ringlets must have lovers' sighs,
To sport with them upon thy brow ;
Thy heart, the heart's pure sacrifice
Of these impassioned feelings now ;*
Thy smiles the sacrifice of tears,
Thus offered on Hope's shrine by me ;
And thou thy victim still, who fears
He never can escape from thee.

But fare thee well—Oh ! break the chains
Thy words have riveted so strong ;
I'll break *thy harp*, whose dulcet strains
Have mingled with thy breathing song.
The threat's revenged—away she flies
From me, and from her I depart ;
She smiling from her scornful eyes—
I bleeding through a broken heart.

* The little necromancer *demand*ed an offering from the muse.

TO MR. H****, AT ST. THOMAS.

THE WEST INDIA INVALID TO THE "SEA BREEZE."*

How beautifully bright! how calm and still
 Is heaven's own mirror that reflects the skies!
 The clear blue ocean but obeys His will,
 That sleeps beneath yon lofty hills which rise
 Above the yet unfathomed depths below,
 Where fabled mermaid with the sea nymph dwells;
 Where—all that fancy sees is all we know—
 The storms are fettered in their prison cells.
 'Till nature's God disturbs the mighty deep,
 Oh! who shall rouse the ocean from his sleep!

The sultry noonday's past; sweet eve returns;
 The sun which rose now sinks, but not to rest;
 In one eternal sphere his glory burns,
 Now tints the east, and now adorns the west.
 But lo! I view from my balcony height,
 The footsteps of the breeze upon the sea;
 The light-winged zephyrs on its bosom bright,
 Fly o'er their ripple waves to welcome me.
 They fan the ocean now, and now the breeze
 Kisses the grove and bows the graceful trees.

Soft twilight's here—the fever leaves my brain—
 Half-angel woman hovers near my bed;
 Heaven breathes its blessings o'er us not in vain,
 Since heaven and hope support the drooping head.

* Those who have resided in a tropical climate, know how to appreciate the land and "sea breeze."

And through my lattice, round which summer wreathes
Her flow'rets rich and gay,—profusion fair!
The ocean zephyr o'er me gently breathes
Refreshing fragrance of the balmy air.
Eternal summer here in beauty reigns;
Makes glad the mountains as it cheers the plains.

Oh! who was ever in a foreign clime,
From native land and kindred friends away,
That numbered not the passing hours of time,
And yet could look upon the broad blue bay
That mocks his hopes—and watch the distant sail
And see it still recede; and yet not sigh—
When love's pure tokens wafted by the gale,
Reached not the hand when to the heart so nigh!
When the sea breeze that flies across the main,
Revives the spirits, soothes the body's pain!

'Tis that which brings intelligence from home,
(A thousand hopes and fears are on its wings)
Conveys a sympathy to those that roam,
From the dear absent and beloved, and brings
Home to the bosom all its bliss or pain,
Home to the heart all that it holds most dear;
And the "land breezes" soon bear back again,
Returning tokens, or a smile or tear.
The sea is treacherous—th' inconstant wind
Is fickle—fickle as a weak man's mind.

THE CONQUEROR CONQUERED,

“AFTER THE BATTLE.”

Now onward ! rapid be thy speed !
 Swift as the eagle's flight
 Bear me along, my gallant steed,
 To scenes of new delight.
 I seek not now the battle field,
 To hear war's loud alarms—
 For conquest now, but conquered, yield
 To beauty's brightest charms.

Start not—the welkin only rings
 And echoes whilst I say,
 “Fly ! fly !” for love hath lent his wings
 To thee, but to obey.
 No brazen helmet now I wear,
 No sword hangs at my side—
 Nor shield—for thou dost only bear
 The bridegroom to the bride.

The moon is looking o'er yon hill ;
 My gallant charger, fly !
 Like thee my hopes are rising still,
 That were not born to die.
 I see yon village steeples now
 Are tipt with moon-light beams—
 Feel summer's breath upon my brow—
 Love's spirit in my dreams.

Stay, stay, impatient steed—in vain
 Shall I attempt to *prove*
 That love has strength to curb thy rein,
 Though I'm subdued by love!
 Nay, start not thus! thou dost not see
 A spirit from the skies;
 Though she hath fetters there for me,
 Here—here thy freedom lies.

“ Had heaven but tongues to *sing* as well
 As starry eyes to see,”
 Yon roving orbs that o'er us dwell,
 Would breathe in minstrelsey,
 That I, who have for freedom fought,
 Surviving war's alarms,
 By fate urged on, by Hymen caught,
 Have *fallen* in beauty's arms.

Antwerp, July, 1826.

THE DREAM.

Soft strains best suit the twilight hour—
 Let Music's spirit-voice be heard;
 Let Beauty's lips in this lone bower
 Breathe softly, and not speak a word.
 Love is the theme:
 My song's the dream
 Of fond hopes born so soon to die;
 For his gave birth
 To her's on earth,
 Whose soaring fancy seeks the sky.

Her harp hangs o'er enchanted ground,
And Summer's breath plays with the strings,
And twilight spirits hover round,
To hear the song some seraph sings.
The sounds depart—
Thus from the heart,
Love like a weeping angel fled:
To star-lit skies
Her thoughts arise—
She calls his spirit from the dead.

Unconscious lips their secrets tell;
Imprisoned feelings in her breast
Yet struggle there:—I know too well,
The phantom form that haunts her rest.
If from above
Departed love
Descends to sleeping Beauty's bower,
It blesses those
When they repose
In such a place, at such an hour.

ON THE DEATH OF COMMODORE BAIN- BRIDGE.

The drums were muffled, and reversed the arms,
And, lowered on its staff, the banner sheet
Was bound with mourning's badge—war's loud alarms
Were hushed, and lightly trod the soldier's feet

THE TRI-COLOURED FLAG.

“Down with the people’s rights!” was heard the cry—

The tyrant Monarque trembled on his throne:

France *shall* be free, was Freedom’s stern reply,

And heaven-born *Liberty* shall reign alone.

The monarque summoned to the battle fray

His tools of regal power—war’s loud alarms

Spread through the city; and in dread array,

Paris and France, and freedom were in arms!

“Down with the royal standard! and be free!

Down with the Bourbon, who would make us slaves!

Lift high the banner of our liberty!”

The people shouted—and within their graves,

“*Gashed with dishonest wounds*,” inglorious lay

The brave *misguided* thousands who were slain:

That country’s proud oppressors rue the day—

The waste of blood which blots their monarque’s reign.

Spirit of Liberty! throughout the world,

Stir up *the people!* in thy strength advance;

Lo! the tri-coloured banner is unfurled,

Where late a tyrant ruled the realms of France.

The Bourbon might have won the meed of fame—

Been great, if he had been but wise and just;

But Charles of France! to thy immortal shame,

Thou art degraded, humbled to the dust.

Ah! what avails it that she sung
And charmed me with her syren voice?
The grave is silent—she is dumb—
The heart no longer can rejoice:
Her coral lips have lost their hue—
Her eye its lustre—and her hair
Its auburn ringlets, for the dew
Lies heavy on those relicts there.

That death, while yet in beauty's bloom,
Would lay his icy hand on thee,
That summer flowers would o'er thy tomb
Be scattered thus, so soon by me:
That thou art numbered with the dead,
A wreck of beauty mouldering there,
Ere eighteen summer suns have shed
Their light on one so bright and fair!

'Tis true, nor can I veil the truth,
Though sad reality but seems
A mournful vision:—When her youth
And loveliness come o'er my dreams;
A sudden joy thrills through my heart,
Then deep-felt anguish gives it pain;
I thus from dreams of pleasure start,
And 'waken but to weep again.

But what avail my tears which flow—
My bursting heart, why heave the sigh;
Oh! why not cease to weep, to know
Her spirit lives and ne'er can die!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

When fragile beauty's form to earth
Descends, the spirit soars on high ;
Her death was but a second birth,
The grave, her passage to the sky.

"PASSING AWAY

IS WRITTEN ON THE WORLD," AND ALL THE WORLD CON-
TAINS.

There's written on the rose's leaf
Its destiny—an *early doom* :
An epitaph that tells how brief—
How short-lived here is beauty's bloom.
The crimson tint is scarcely spread
Upon the fragile emblem here,
When lo ! its drooping leaves are dead :
Thus all things lovely—all things dear
Must pass away.

'Tis whispered by the summer breeze
That passes by, *my balmy breath*,
That sports among the waving trees,
Will blast them like the chill of death :
The lofty oak whose branches yield
The laurel for the warrior's brow,
Like him, when conquered on the field,
Shall share his fate, to earth must bow,
And pass away.

'Tis written that the wheels of time
Shall cease their revolutions here ;
The waning moon shall cease to shine,
The sun shall end his bright career :
The heavenly host of starry skies,
And all things from this lower world,
That can be viewed by mortal eyes,
Shall be dissolved—to chaos hurled—
And pass away.

When yon bright orbs, and when this ball
Terrestrial dissolved shall be,
And into wreck and ruin all
The universe, confused shall flee—
Then oh ! what mind can comprehend
The hidden mystery, my soul !
Eternity shall have no end—
And everlasting years shall roll—
Not pass away !

Since then, thus saith the Book of Fate,
That all things earthly shall decay,
How frail must be this mortal state,
Since earth itself must *pass away* !
But man ! 'tis written on thy heart,
By *him* whose image thou dost bear,
With earth thy body may depart—
Thy *spirit* shall *not perish* there,
Nor pass away.

THE SEASONS OF LIFE.

The tender buds of youth have blown,
The days of childhood past ;
Too soon those blushing sweets have flown,
That were too dear to last.

Ah, youth—thy sunny days, so bright,
So transient and so fair ;
Have vanished like a phantom light,
Or meteor of the air.

Childhood's the twilight of the morn
Of life—and youth's the spring :
Alas, at early manhood's dawn,
Still hope is on the wing.

This life is like a fleeting year—
Its seasons as they roll,
Proclaim how frail are all things here,
Save man's immortal soul :

Which soars at last and wings her flight
To realms above the skies ;
To hail celestial love and light,
Which glows and never dies.

POETICAL DILEMMA.

I hardly know of *what* to sing ;
I'm really in a sad quandary !
I'm out of tune—my heart will ring,
Or chime—I'm neither sad nor merry.

Oh ! solitude and silent cells,
Where meditation fondly lingers ;
Where some *incendiary* dwells,
And others that have *burnt* their fingers.

I envy ye whose thoughts are fixed
On something, one thing or another ;
For mine are now so strongly mixed,
I wonder how they chime together.

A *doubt* is stamped upon my brow ;
My heart, oh ! beauty's smile could melt it ;
And woman's tears as I feel now,
Would make me laugh, nor could I help it.

What planet shone upon my birth,
My future fickle heart revealing !
When all is sunshine there, o'er mirth
These twilight shades of grief are stealing.

But *melting hearts* recall to mind,
Sophia's eyes—and—burning glasses ;
Those by-gone days when she was *kind*,
And rural scenes—and—village lasses.

Now, where is she and where are they ?
Her cottage which I sought delight in ?
Ah ! though *that* has not moved away,
Its pretty inmate has—to Brighton.

Those sunny days of youth once shed
Their light across my path of life ;
Now, Mary and my hopes are dead,
“Soph’s” married—“Rose” is Sulky’s wife.

If friendship’s nothing but a name,
And love is but an empty bubble,
My bursting heart is not the same,
Although ’tis full of empty trouble.

Thus, sadness now and grief contend
Like heat and cold—I’ve got the ague ;
So Byron had, and to his friend
Said, “mortals ! thus the gods will plague you.”

Well, I’ll dispense with mirth to-day,
And ride my hobby horse of sorrow :
Oh no ! vice versa, I’ll be gay,
And wear a longer face to-morrow.

TO “ROMEO.”

We all have ruling passions, thine
Hath strength to master all the rest ;
And love ! that favourite theme divine,
Must make thee most supremely blest !

Thou hast a host of tender hearts,
And such deep mines of pity sprung,
Say, hast thou hurled as many darts
At random—as the songs you've sung?

If Adelaide was half as fair—
Or half as faithful—half as true,
As what thy muse describes—I swear
She'll never meet again with you!

Perfection dwells not in this sphere,
But might, perhaps, in woman's mind,
If man were half as constant here,
As gentle, virtuous and kind.

ON VIEWING AN UNTAMED IMPRISONED EAGLE.

Oh, tyrant man! where is thy blush of shame!
And where those nobler feelings of thy soul,
That they are not aroused, and burst not forth
With indignation, thus to see in chains,
Imprisoned in a mean and narrow cage,
This emblem of thy boasted liberty!

Proud "Bird of Jove," who scorned to set thy foot
Upon the earth, because its bounds were fixed,
And even freedom has her limits here—
Not so—for thou wert used to seek thy rest,
Thy nest to build upon the loftiest tree,

Which grew upon some "heaven kissing hill,"
Where man and slavery had never dwelt.

I'll not insult thy fallen majesty!
The fire in thy eye is still unquenched,
The lofty spirit of thy nature too,
Is undiminished; and 'tis still the same
As when it soared above the thunder clouds,
And lost the sight of sublunary things.

There is a noble *instinct* in thy heart,
(That he, the keeper of the prison-house,
When self-applied, calls reason's attributes,)
Which prompts the natural but *vain* desire,
To break those cursed chains, and *to be free*.

Thou hast, methinks, the sense of right and wrong,
And dost retain the recollection still,
Of man's first injury to thee, the time
He robbed thee of thy *birthright*—Liberty.
Thou can'st not, or thou would'st avenge this wrong,
And seize thy servile keeper, noble bird!
And in thy talons bear him high in air,
'Twixt earth and heaven, to thy free domains;
Then flap thy wings in triumph and in scorn,
And there release him from thy mighty grasp
And *bid* him (if but *then* thou could'st but speak—)
"Go, seek *thy* native soil, the earth again."

With what impatience thou dost spread thy wings
Alternately, and shut them in despair!

I know thy spirit longs but to be free :
Those lighting glances of thy eagle eye,
Are stealing but a glimpse of yon bright sun,
Undazzled by the brightness of his beams.

Alas ! it must be so, proud injured bird,
And thou art doomed to linger out thy life—
To wear vile chains which nature never meant
That *thou* should'st wear.
It grieves me much to turn myself away,
And leave alone, thus fettered to the earth,
Imprisoned in a mean and narrow cage,
The emblem of our heaven-born liberty.

THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

He lived, his summer here hath past,
And autumn chills no more ;
He here endured the winter's blast,
Upon life's bleaky shore !

He gazed upon the boundless sea,
And saw the dreadful brink
Of fathomless eternity,
Where thou and I must sink !

Then plunged beneath the foamy wave,
And finished life's career :
Thus close death's billows o'er the grave
Of all our trials here.

SONG.

TO ADELINE—DREAMING.

She dreams, and shadowy visions throng
 Around the couch where beauty sleeps ;
And friendship dedicates the song,
 Whilst anxious love his vigils keeps.
 In hour of rest
 Thy hopes are blessed,
That wander o'er the dark blue sea ;
 And those they greet,
 So soft and sweet,
That wander back to meet with thee.

Thy bright-eyed fancy's on the wing—
 E'en like the carrier dove that crossed
The waves, I've heard *thee* wildly sing,
 As though love's burthen had been lost.
 Love flutters here,
 'Twixt hope and fear,
And o'er life's deep, uncertain sea,
 He seeks repose
 In hearts like those
That are as pure as thine and thee.

Dream on, dream on,—though hope and fear
 Crowd round the altars of thy heart,
Thou may'st retain *his* image here,
 Till death from thee bids that depart.

The deep sigh hush,
That steals the blush
Of beauty from its rosy bed—
New hopes beguile
That dreamy smile,
Which brings the dimples back that fled.

Sleep, gentle creature, and may dreams
As bright as fancy may suggest,
Thus 'waken in thy bosom themes
That ne'er shall slumber while you rest.
Love's heaven if we
In dreams may see,
Who'd wake in such a world as this,
Where sense destroys
Those purer joys,
And love *betrays us with a kiss.*

Adieu, till morning opes thy eyes,
If thou canst sleep and dream so long;
Since evening, bending 'neath the skies,
Began as I commenced my song.
Yet not awake
Before I take,
(In *friendship's* guise I stand confessed),
Love's hopeless kiss,
Without the bliss
Of knowing that 'twill make *me* blessed.


LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A VERY INTERESTING
AMIABLE YOUNG LADY.

Young flowers spring up, and bloom and die,
Oaks lift their lofty heads and fall ;
Days, weeks and months and years glide by,
Time buries and consumes them all.
On beauty's cheek the rose is spread,
Whose crimson mantle soon shall fade ;
In conscious pride man rears his head,
That in the dust shall soon be laid.

Small streams to mighty rivers flow,
And rivers to old ocean run ;
The ocean from its depths below,
Yields up its spirit to the sun.
The unseen vapours daily rise,
Pays tribute to the God of all ;
His essence fills the earth and skies
Who bids again the waters fall.

Earth 's but a star of shining light,
To other far off brighter spheres ;
Man dwells in darkness, till the night
Of death divides his hopes and fears.
Here life and death—change and decay
With man and nature ever dwells,
'Till He shall burst the bars away,
Which locks our spirits in their cells.



Then let not Beauty's toilet care,
 Consume too much, thy passing time;
 And manhood! "trifles light as air,"
 Should vanish in its early prime.
 Frail creatures all, but look above
 And view the God earth worships there;
 Then if this world ye wisely love,
 The bliss of angels ye shall share.

Time! ere we bid adieu to thee,
 Let's gather but earth's fairest flowers,
 And throw aside those weeds that we
 Have cherished in our misspent hours.
 Those of the mind; oh, let us seek,
 That virtue's budding charms may bloom,
 When in the arms of death we sleep,
 That they may flourish o'er the tomb.

"The Passion Flower" religion gives,
 Should grow here, nearest to the heart—
 It blooms on earth—in heaven that lives,
 Whose fragrance never shall depart.
 Still, one of folly's children, I
 E'en twine the poor weeds of the world,
 Round hope, expanding 'neath the sky,
 With yet but half its leaves unfurled.

Since Time, then, doth consume all things,
 On earth that's pleasant to the view,
 What's round a throne, the pride of kings,
 But poverty and splendour too!

The poor and rich, the high and low,
To time—to time must yield at last ;
We hug the naked dust below—
'Till life, death, day and night is passed.

TO * * * .

Go to thy slumbers ; and may dreams
As bright as fancy can suggest,
Awaken in thy bosom, themes
Which should not slumber in thy breast.
On downy bed, in sweet repose,
Oh ! there thy gentle form recline ;
No other visions there, save those
That are most blissful, shall be thine.
When I'm asleep and dream of thee,
Oh ! think of me and dream of me.

I'll to my couch, and dream once more
Of some new Paradise of bliss ;
And image that I never saw,
So much of heaven before as this :
I'll fancy then that thou art there,
Or in some lone sequestered grove ;
And thou my Eden-bliss shall share,
While I shall seem to share thy love.
When then thy phantom form I see,
I'll dream of thee—I'll dream of thee.

Good night my love—good night my love !
Till morning, dearest, think of me ;
And mine shall seem like bliss above,
To dream of thee—to dream of thee :
Oh! to my mind, to me it seems,
When allday's irksome toils are o'er,
That Heaven itself descends in dreams,
When thoughts on fancy's pinions soar.
'Tis morn! love's vision could not last—
" 'Twas bright—'twas transient—but 'tis past."

WOMAN'S LOVE,

OR THE VALLEY OF THE HEART.

There is a lonely vale, where light,
E'en when the noon-day sun 's above,
Falls not with burning beams too bright,
For 'tis the shaded haunts of love. —
That valley's where domestic bliss,
In sweet seclusion loves to dwell ;
Where woman smiles, and happiness
Hath bid the noisy world farewell.


Soft twilight lures young maidens where
Peace dwells—to those sequestered shades ;
And morn embraces evening there,
'Till day's departing glory fades.

Summer's wild flowery beauties bloom,
And from the not far distant hills,
Whose verdant groves yon skies illumine,
Flow crystal streams and sportive rills.

The earliest birds of vernal spring,
No sooner leave their downy nest,
Than led by nature, on the wing
They thither fly, and there are blessed.
And summer's songsters of the grove,
There chirp and sing, from tree to tree,
Where all is bliss, and all is love,
For hearts to feel and eyes to see.

Shrubs, flowers of various kind and hues,
Spring up 'midst nature's wild delight :
No life destroying *sport* pursues
To death, or puts the birds to flight.
Then where 's that vale's secluded grounds,
"Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss !"
Ah ! fancy leaps o'er reason's bounds,
To dwell in such a scene as this.

There summer zephyrs whisper oft—
(And music breathes them *not* in words,
Which are too cold for tales so soft),
The lovelorn legends of the birds.
Sweet exhalations from the rose—
The tulips and the lily's rise;
First on the balmy air repose,
And then ascending, seek the skies.



That vale's fair centre 's smooth and plain,
O'er which earth's grassy carpet 's spread ;
And from its circumscribed domain,
Sweet nature in her wildness fled :
But from that eden-spot so fair,
And green, she did not far depart ;
But so hedged round her beauties there,
The valley's centre formed—a Heart.

In that *heart's centre* seems to rest,
(The valley's fountain looks so bright),
A diamond on spring's verdant breast,
Whose gem like beauty is its light !
That fount of tears the angels weep,
Who see how bright its surface shines,
Is but a pool that's sunk as deep
As gems in earth embosomed mines.

Love 's centered in a woman's heart,
That heart is hidden in her breast ;
Deep feelings may some light impart,
But deeper ones retain the rest.
Drink deep, corrupt not woman's love—
Shouldst thou to that pure fountain go,
Lest Heaven deny the bliss above,
That heartless man destroys below.

THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.

The breast-plate, righteousness and truth,
Yet shone upon the Pilgrim's breast,
The bright shield of his early youth—
A "crown of glory" on his crest :
He "fought the good fight" of the just,
Resisted sin, and his right hand
Had hurled "the tempter" to the dust,
And conquered for the "Holy Land."

Toil led the Pilgrim through the world,
Whom Hope supported in the strife;
Her banners o'er his heart unfurled
The arms of faith—"immortal life."
The victor prayed, that battles won,
Whilst on temptation's ocean tost,
Might sink him—like the setting sun,
To rise again, and not be lost.

Old age crept on, and this world's care
Yet darkened round the Pilgrim's head;
Faith tottered not, for Hope, once fair,
Grew brighter ere his spirit fled.
"Oh God!" the dying Pilgrim sung,
Ope thou the grave, the gates of bliss—
His spirit faltered on his tongue,
Then flew to that bright world from this.



NAPOLEON.

Rivers of blood have ceased to flow,
Earth's mightiest warrior is no more,
And this wide world may never know,
Another chief like him in war.
He spake—some hundred thousand men
His mandates heard, obeyed his nod ;
And nations feared his threatenings then,
As though the man assumed the God.

France ! when thy banners he unfurled,
And desolation's arrows flew,
He shouted " Freedom for the world,"
And left his legacy to you.
He led his host through distant climes,
His arms o'er states and empires spread ;
He fought for France and future times,
While France and wounded freedom bled.

The conqueror who sought the foe,
O'er level plain and Alpine hill,
Then hurled at kingdoms such a blow,
Thrones in convulsions tremble still.
The power that bade ambition rise,
To such a dizzy height o'er all,
Knew his, that *would* have reached the skies,
On Saint Helena's rocks should fall.


Rivers of blood have ceased to flow,
Earth's mightiest warrior is no more,
And this wide world may never know,
Another chief like him in war—
Who gave to Europe such a shock,
The nations trembled at his name,
Until they bound him to a rock,
As lasting as NAPOLEON's fame.

If it were well, and heaven's decree,
Such mighty deeds should here be done
By mortal man, who would not be,
That glorious, now immortal one !
Like him who would not soar as high,
From such an Alpine height who fell,
And leave a name that may not die,
'Till nations bid to time, farewell.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF C. C. CONWELL, M. D.

Hence, light heeled mirth, gay creature of the brain,
Who came just now a welcome, smiling guest;
Hence phantom pleasure ! join thy laughing train,
Dance round thy worshippers—leave me at rest.
Come to my spirit, give my soul relief—
Sorrow, I take thee to my inmost heart ;
Stir up its fountains 'till the tears of grief,
Shall through the "windows of the soul" depart.



For Death, who strikes so sure, hath aimed a blow,
At hopes that soared up to ambition's skies !
As high as genius, eagle like would go,
Prepared to fly, that yet delays to rise.
Lo ! prostrate see the body of the youth,
That motionless clings to its parent sod ;
The soul—the soul ! I feel this mighty truth,
That left its clay behind, hath sought its God.

Oh Death ! good angels must have sent thee here,
To break great nature's chain apart, that bound
The soul of genius, essence bright and clear,
To that cold mass beneath the senseless mound.
I call thee *not* "insatiate monster," Death !
Let heaven's unerring shafts strike where they will ;
The God who gave it took away his breath—
The work of life or death, is wisdom's still.

Yet o'er the early grave of him who sleeps
The sleep of death, forever to repose,
The living spirit there of genius weeps,
And beauty o'er his tomb her garland throws.
Fame with her half wrought laurel in her hand,
Scatters the green leaves o'er his lowly bed,
Looks up to heaven—points to his native land,
And bids thee, Erin too, lament thy dead.

Oh ! 'tis too much, the heart must overflow,
When sinks such feelings in a fount so deep ;
'Till thou wert dead, my bosom did not know
It cherished tears, one day for thee to weep.

'Tis not that friendship's chain was linked so strong,
That death in breaking that, might break my heart,
But that thy hopes ambition nursed so long,
It grieves me thus so soon to see them part.

Departed shade—dear Conwell, to thy name,
Ah! fame's high temple not a place can give,
Because Death saw thy muse embracing fame—
That thou hast died too soon for that to live.
Because thy genius, e'er thy spirit's flight,
Remained not longer with thee in the world:
'But thou hast sought yon brighter realms of light,
And round thy corse thy winding sheet is furled.

August 13, 1832.

THE GIPSEY GIRL.

There is a sylph-like form I've seen,
Twined round her brows a garland crown;
She haunts the groves like fairy queen,
Then gipsy-like she hies to town.
Her ringlets are so raven black,
Her piercing eyes so darkly wild,
That when we meet, I then shrink back
From necromancy's *charming* child.

But when she lifts her living wand,
Encircled by two bracelet rings,
And I would speak—she waves her hand—
Sets fetters on my tongue and sings.



No serpent ever wrought such charm,
Or coiled as closely round the heart ;
She smiles when fears my hopes alarm,
And fascinates me ere we part.

Oh, last night's dream ! methinks I feel
Her soft white hand still on my breast ;
Love's nightmare visions but reveal
Her form that haunts my couch of rest ;
Turn from me those bright beaming eyes,
Or hide them 'neath one raven curl,
Lest hope too soon desert the skies,
Beguiled by such a "Gipsey Girl."

*Banks of the Schuylkill, near Philadelphia,
April 18, 1833.*

THE GRAVE.

When life's eventful scenes are o'er,
And hearts that throbbed have ceased to beat ;
And smile that answered smile before,
When kindred looks of love would meet ;
When all the fond affections here,
The heart could treasure, hope could save,
Have left the mourner but a tear,
Then shed that bright gem o'er the grave.

When they who wronged the swelling heart
Of injured virtue, that had felt
Submissive, wounded feeling's smart,
When kindness would that bosom melt ;
Since they who hated all mankind,
And coward like would scorn the brave;
Mocked greatness in another's mind,
Forgive—forgive them in the grave.

But he who shafts of slander hurled
Against fair virtue's spotless name,
Extracting venom from the world,
To poison honour's deathless fame ;
And he who stabbed thy brother's breast,
And flew from justice like a slave,
To whom life gave no happy rest,
May heaven forgive them in the grave.

All those who wandered o'er the earth,
In quest of " trifles light as air,"
Loved nothing save the haunts of mirth,
And spent their days with folly there ;
Who mingled all their sordid joys
With all that vicious pleasure gave,
And laughed at virtue's moral laws,
Forget—forget them in the grave.

And they who wore upon their breast
The conqueror's pride, the victor's stars—
'Neath dark plumes o'er their shining crest,
Ambition's or false glory's scars ;

Who deluged smiling plains in blood,
Self glory from the wreck to save,
Then died, *not* for their country's good,
Behold their *greatness* in the grave.

But those whose banners waved on high,
Who *for* their country grasped the blade,
Who fought, thus lived, and learned to die,
And then in glory's death-bed laid ;
Who, seas or fields of danger crossed,
And fell, lamented by the brave—
That country's sense of honour 's lost,
That could forget them in the grave.

Ah ! those who, in this world of woe,
Sought hope, (that like a shadow flies),
Until deceived so oft below,
They longed for bliss beyond the skies ;
And they who sunk beneath the strife
Of feelings which a death-blow gave,
Then ended here a weary life—
Who'd break *their* slumbers in the grave !

Forgotten in the grave be those,
Whose bosoms knew not how to love ;
Forgiven there be all our foes,
If we forgiveness hope above.
Let memory her wild-flowers spread
O'er those that sleep, the good and brave,
And may the virtues of the dead,
Descend not with them to the grave.


How full of bustle, pomp and show,
And poverty, this life of dreams,
Where humble pride must bend so low,
When faithless fortune veils her beams;
Where purse-proud arrogance may be
Raised from the level of a slave
So high—the world will only see
In man, his equal in the grave.

WHAT IS LOVE?

The sympathy of soul with soul,
When thoughts from two pure fountains run,
As bright as crystal streams which roll
Their waves, till both unite in one :
Deep ocean feels the sun's bright flame—
From earth to heaven its vapours rise ;
Thus love, " our being's end and aim,"
At last ascending seeks the skies.

INVOCATION TO THE DEITY.

Oh Thou ! who sittest on thy throne,
The source of everlasting light !
Who reigns, unbounded and alone,
Supreme in majesty and might :



And whose all-seeing eye can trace
One universal system through,
Dost fill, thyself, the boundless space
Of thy uninterrupted view.

Thy throne eternal is on high;
Thy footstool is the earth we tread :
Thy ample dome, the concave sky—
The starry arch above thy head.
Not so, my soul ! the meanest gem
Is inconceivable to me,
That glitters on the diadem
Of God's eternal majesty.

Should'st thou, dove-like, with outspread wings,
Sit brooding o'er some vast abyss—
But speak, and in existence springs
Another universe like this.
Thy glory 's hid, not yet revealed,
Save that which truth has brought to light :
If *thus* thy power is concealed,
How limited is mortal sight !

As we from this terrestrial ball,
With adoration raise our eyes,
And hail thee as the Lord of all,
And offer up a sacrifice:
Upon the altar of each heart
May not the holy incense burn—
Wilt thou accept it and impart
Thy love, thy blessing, in return !

Oh ! wilt thou condescend to hear
A mortal faintly breathe thy praise !
And may a rebel thus revere—
And thus presume his voice to raise !
Then shout " Hosannas " all the earth,
Until our anthems reach his throne,
Who gave his son, our Saviour, birth,
That God the father should be known.

Ye starry legions still proclaim—
Shine forth his glory—thus express
Your great almighty Maker's name ;
His wonders and his works confess.
He fills the silver lamp of night ;
Behold the sun ! his radiance see !
All—all eternal source of light,
Are types of thy divinity.

'Tis thou who scatters forth their rays,
That bids thy universe rejoice :
All nature breathes and speaks thy praise—
The thunders imitate thy voice.
Even now the feathered choir sings ;
Be vocal air, earth, sea and sky,
With praises to the king of kings,
Who dwells in majesty on high.

THE RIVAL POWERS.

BEAUTY.

Beauty o'er all the world's admired,
 And yet shall be in future times;
 The brave it conquers—Troy it fired—
 It blooms here and in distant climes.
 There is no earthly power below,
 That plays the tyrant half so well;
 The simple truth too well we know,
 Ten thousand thousand tongues can tell.
 In youth it blossoms like the rose,
 And summer's fragrant sweets it breathes;
 Such charms its living tints disclose,
 We think of but unfading wreaths.
 Its eyes are full of living light—
 If on the heart one ray should fall,
 A thousand hopes rise up as bright,
 Or sinking, own it *conquers all*.

POWER OF LOVE.

"Fond youth," beware—let Beauty's lips
 Plead for themselves in beauty's cause;
 From them thy own with poison sips
 Wild honey, so spare thy applause.
 Frail beauty but derives her charms,
 Not more from Venus than from me;
I rest your hopes in Beauty's arms,
 But Beauty rests her hopes in me.

When nature's blushes o'er her cheek,
 Are bright, and fair, and deep—I hush
 The tongue that hath no power to speak,
 And spread thereon a deeper blush.
 That living flame 's the light of love,
 That makes the conquest o'er the heart;
 My power remains, ('tis from above)
 When youth with Beauty's charms depart.

“THE SOVEREIGN” POWER.

Poet! be off—with Beauty go—
 Soft lisping Love too, where you please;
 I'll raise the *gold dust* round ye so,
 Your zephyr sighs shall haunt the trees.
 Fools! ninnies! dare dispute my power,
 That hath been known and felt so long?
 What 's Beauty worth without a *dower*—
 Love without gilded wings? a song.
 My golden sceptre when I rise,
 Ye kneel—sweet zephyrs, list to me:
 When sparkles most fair Beauty's eyes,
 Beholding Love's bright smile, or me?
 What! Cupid! flown away in tears—
 And beauty gone to beg in France!
 The spell that thus alarms thy fears,
 Hath sent thy hopes to learn to *dance*.

HYMENEAL POWER.

Quit Love and Beauty—sovereign gold,
 Thou upstart glittering charmer! hence;
 Though worshipped thus by young and old,
 Thy power flies off with pounds and pence.

Compared with me, thou art a thing,
Whose merit only shines outside ;
And love compared to thee 's a king
That conquers thee, the world beside.
I 'm monarch o'er ye all, and stand
Before the altar of my throne—
Yet sovereign gold! *don't* quit the land,
Nor "*leave me in the lurch*" alone.
One word at parting—Poet ! take care,
Or *care* may take off Love and you ;
Should you bring Beauty here—beware—
First bribe your *sovereign friend*—adieu.

ANGEL'S VISITS.

Oh ! thou hast gone where angels dwell,
Above yon bright and rolling spheres,
And hearest now the anthem's swell,
Where cherubs charm angelic ears.
Although descending but in dreams,
From these celestial joys above ;
Unearthly now the vision seems,
That brings me back departed love.

Oh, heavenly form, one moment stay,
Outspread thy wings—reach forth thy arms
And call me to the realms of day,
To gaze on thy immortal charms !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

All essence, pure ethereal flame
Hast thou become since thou wert mine ;
And when my spirit is the same,
'Twill mingle yet again with thine.

Oh ! could I leave this earthly soil—
“ Soul wrapt in soul,” with thine embrace !
Then mine should quit this “ mortal coil,”
And seek *thy* spirit's resting place.
But ah ! forever hast thou flown !
“ Thus short on earth, and far between”
Are angel's visits only known
In visions but too seldom seen.

How transient thy abode on earth,
In death's embrace ere thou didst sleep !
To what bright hopes thou gavest birth,
Ere thou hadst left me here to weep.
Another “ angel's visit” pay—
But hover o'er my soul once more,
That night may seem celestial day,
Before my dream of life is o'er.

THE DYING CHIEF.

War's thunder ceased—'twas still as death,
And not a murmuring voice was heard,
Save autumn's early sigh, whose breath
The summer faded leaves disturbed.

The warrior still survived the shock,
Whose country's new-born hopes had fled ;
And leaning on a moveless rock,
Looked like a statue of the dead.

'Twas evening's hour, yet silence there,
For him who mused, had lost her charms ;
His country's glory left him where
Her honor roused him first to arms.
A stubbornness and pride of soul
Like his, not Russia's power could bend ;
He yielded but to fate's control,
Yet knew life's warfare soon would end.

Sol sunk beneath the western skies,
And twilight's curtain darker grew ;
When laid in glory's bed, 'twould rise
O'er him, his injured country too.
Some spirit-voice breathed in his ear,
Thou art not born to be a slave—
Thy monument thou lean'st on here,
Shall cast its shadow o'er thy grave.

His lips moved not that breathed a prayer
For Poland, ere his hopes of bliss
Soared to a world more bright and fair,
To seek heaven's aid for her in this.
A Russian slave was lurking near—
Assassin like he aimed a blow,
And ere the chieftain fell, the spear
Of Poland pierced her secret foe.

Said he, "my prayer is heard" and died.
 "This is the victory of death,"
 The warrior chiefs assembled, cried,
 Who weeping saw him yield his breath.
 He, battle fields of carnage crossed,
 Had braved war's whirlwind storms to save
 His country's hopes, 'till all was lost,
 Save honour's glory in the grave.

TO "LA FAMILLE RAVEL."

[The author, after solemn deliberation, resolves to *immortalize* (!) the whole family of the Ravels, by collecting them together on this identical page. He never saw them on *the stage* of life but once; and on that occasion a friend, whose *name* is now forgotten, gave him a passport to the theatre, where he was delighted with their amusing feats: This nameless friend can not, of course, in *this edition*, receive the returned compliment of a passport to the temple of time enduring *fame*; and therefore he must submit to that fate which, on a second consideration of the subject, inevitably awaits the author, who is now guiding his little barque down the rapid yet unruffled waters of oblivion's stream, destined, with its *passengers* on board, already alluded to, for the ocean of eternity. "The gentle reader," perhaps, will not overlook this rather whimsical preface to the subject following, for the sake of the moral which it conveys.]

Light footed fairies of the stage,
 We welcome you from sunny France,
 Who'd charm the sedentary sage,
 If he would but behold ye dance.
 Such strange fantastic tricks ye play,
 That, yankee like, we're bound to guess—
 Though necromancy only may
 Charm more, you can not *please us* less.

E'en Horace in the Latin tongue,
 Such fetes had greeted with "huzzas!"
 Though ye he meant not when he sung,
 "Your lofty heads shall strike the stars!"
 Ye dance so gracefully—so high,
 Your heels if not your heads are light,
 Whose bouyant spirits reached the sky,
 That brought "young Cupid" down last night.

No angel, "Gabriel" we saw—
 No seraph of the skies that burned;
 Yet mortal Gabriel, "encore!"
 Who such high sunmersets hath turned.
Summer sets in—the fall sets out
 The mirth our play-house harvest yields;
 You'll turn our giddy heads no doubt,
 And Herr Cline vanquish from the fields.

"*Nuit aux adventures*," "*Molinet*,"
 "*Ou, Ballets Pantomimes Comique*,"
 "*Grands suffrages*" (not thrown away)
Jerome, Jean rivals Dominique.
 "*Le pas de Zephir*," Cupid, boy—
 But "four years old," and do such things!
Les belles et beaux cry "*Vive le Roi*,"
 So don't fly off without thy wings.

Last night ye *reveled* in our smiles,
Un-Ravel then thy art to-night;
 That beauty from her home beguiles,
 Whose beaming eyes are silver bright.

But ah! "*Le grand Saut Perilleux*"
 May break thy neck and make us weep;
 Yet like "Sam Patch" don't take—adieu—
 A last and final, fatal leap.

"The ladies all speak French in France,"
 But dance not like fair "Emilie;"
 Like Madam Ravel who can dance?
 Some maidens *here* as gracefully.
 My hopes can only jump as high,
 Yet not upon a rope to fall,
 Lest I should break my neck and cry,
 And fright folks from a fancy-bawl.

THE CONQUEROR'S BRIDE.

"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE, WE ARE IN DEATH."

She hailed the first bright morn of May
 With strange emotions of delight,
 And youth and beauty's bridal day
 Gave birth to new-born life and light.
 As are those times that pass so fast,
 At which we live and love and fight,
 When rainbows gleam and sunbeams shine,
 As emblems of our life and light.

They greeted at the festal hall,
 The brave, the beautiful and fair ;
 The fond youth smiled upon them all
 Who gazed at her, assembled there
 To witness but a girlish thing—
 A maiden take the matron's name :
 And for a vow, love's pledge, a ring,
 Receive from him she loved the same.

Ere that uncertain day had passed,
 A *stranger*, hidden from her sight,
 To her then whispered ere 'tis passed—
 "Thy love a *rival* meets to-night !"
 She heard him, but she saw him not,
 A faintness o'er her spirits came ;
 Her dimples soon their smiles forgot,
 Yet she knew not the rival's name.

Her bosom friends indulged the bride—

Placed Beauty's emblem in her hair ;

She cast her bridal dress aside,

For those the spotless angels wear.

In flowing robes her graceful mien—

Her beauty then all eyes confessed,

Though not a crimson blush was seen

To mark where it was wont to rest.

Her hair alone rose alone :—

Her necklace and necklace wore ;

Her beauty shone,

Her cares were o'er.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Friends smiled and crowded round her when
 She could not smile, yet knew not why ;
And as they gazed upon her then,
 She struggled to suppress a sigh.

She came forth like a timid dove,
 To greet the youth who won her heart ;
To pledge to him her vows of love,
 'Till death should sever them apart :
But ah ! then came the *rital* there,
 Who knew, that morn, her beauties shone
As bright as " morning glories " are,
When first he claimed her as his own.

They led the trembling girl along,
 Who faltered at her lover's side ;
In passing slowly through the throng
 Toward the altar, with his bride—
She, ere the nuptial rites were o'er,
 Thrice fainting, fell upon his breast ;
An angel's smile her features wore,
 And, *angels* gave her spirit rest.

Grim visaged death who *wooed* her now,
 Fast fading saw her beauty's charms ;
He set his seal upon her brow,
 And clasped her in his icy arms.
They dwell among the silent dead,
 Where Death, (from whom no arm could s
His canopy of darkness spread,
 To deck her bridal bed—The Grave.

Whilst thus she slept in Death's embrace,
 The Conqueror saw pass away
 Her spirit to its resting place,
 And leave its "tenement of clay."
 "Thus foiled!" said he—"Let earth to earth
 And dust to dust united be;
 Since that which had immortal birth,
 Has married immortality."

TO "C. X. C."*

ON READING HIS "TURKISH ECLOGUES."

Awake, my harp, inspired by the song
 Of other minstrels, touch the vocal strings;
 Let ringing echo his wild notes prolong,
 Until again the Turkish minstrel sings;
 Until his muse adds fuel to the fire,
 That warms my fancy and attunes my lyre.

Thou who hast sung of "Sharon's viny grot,"
 Of "myrrh-crowned hills, where spicy camphor grows,"
 Say, hast thou viewed that ever-blooming spot,
 Or from the stem there plucked one crimson rose?
 "The landscape picturesque, the mystic trees,"
 Hast fondly viewed, or imaged "scenes like these."

* The anonymous initials of the late Dr. Corwell.


Sweet Indian beauty, from thy dreams awake !
In Turkish costume be thy youth arrayed ;
Oh, that the ocean were a compassed lake,
That I might cross to see a turbaned maid,
And with love's holy sanction breathe my vow,
Although the crescent sparkled on her brow.

High favoured bard ! thy golden lute has rung,
Plaintive as "Cassem," and as "Genzel" sweet ;
Wild as Æolian harp, on willow hung,
To woo the singing zephyrs where they meet :
Accept this humble lay, to genius due,
This simple wreath my muse has twined for you.

A POEM,

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MY FATHER, AND DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER.

Oh ! sainted shade ! wilt thou not linger near,
When memory pays the tribute of a tear,
Which thus, since holy nature bids it start,
From the pure fount of feeling, from the heart,
Seems like a gem, pellucid, clear and bright,
Or dew-drop, beaming with eternal light.
Oh ! they are hallowed tears which overflow
Their channel-paths, that mark the course of woe ;
Each mournful feature grief alone can trace,
Stamped on the heart, is pictured on the face.



If but one pearly drop, affection's tear,
Is to thy memory, alone, so dear,
Then how did I endure my grief at first,
To feel the flood-gates of the heart had burst;
When from this vale of tears thy spirit fled,
And thou wert numbered with the silent dead!


Long since, the grave hath witnessed thy decay,
And thy frail mortal form hath passed away:
But when thy relics turned to kindred earth,
From which mankind hath sprung since nature's birth,
Then thy immortal spirit winged her flight,
We trust, to regions of celestial light:
And then, the "vital spark of heavenly flame,"
That quit what death destroyed, thy mortal frame,
Burned with new lustre near his throne on high,
Whose altars are eternal in the sky.
Immortal spirits! not the chilling breath,
The heavy dews—the icy hand of death,
That seized your bodies, could the soul destroy,
That here was sent to seek an angel's joy.

Be each unholy passion lulled to rest—
Grief, throw thy sable mantle o'er my breast;
Hushed be the voice of mirth, let none intrude,
Nor interrupt my soul's deep solitude!
'Tis night—bright moon-beams dance upon the wave,
And throw their pale light on my mother's grave:
The skies are bright—the world is hushed to sleep,
And holy nature now beholds me weep.

Perhaps those kindred spirits which have fled,
The dead—now hold their converse with the dead,
Assembled o'er their graves in silence, where
Earth's mighty host repose, forgotten there.

Thee I invoke, thou spirit of the past,
Of years gone by that were too bright to last!
Long may the light upon thy altars shine,
That I may kneel before thy hallowed shrine;
And whilst the vital flame shall warm my heart,
Thy spirit, memory! shall ne'er depart.


Oh! but for that, oblivion's night had spread,
Her canopy of darkness o'er the dead:
And thou, whom God decreed should give me birth,
(Since thou art buried in the cold damp earth)
Hadst never left a single trace behind,
And not one living feature on my mind.
That blessed boon the God of nature gave,
Brings back to life the tenants of the grave;
Awakes, reanimates the slumbering dust
Of those—the good, the virtuous and the just.
Until the sleep of death our eyelids close,
'Till we ourselves find nature's last repose,
Sink to the earth, and moulder in the tomb,
And meet mankind's inevitable doom:
'Till we become a mass of senseless clay,
And like them perish, like them pass away,
They still may live and be the mournful themes,
To greet our visions and to bless our dreams.



My mother! long revered shall be thy name:
And since thou art no more, the sacred claim
Thy memory yet makes upon my heart,
'Till *that* shall cease to throb, shall ne'er depart.
When in the silent tomb thy form was laid,
How much maternal love was unrepaid;
Oh! when thy spirit quit this "vale of tears,"
And my vain heart was full of hopes and fears;
When pleasure's throng would fascinate my gaze,
As youth's bright rising sun sent forth its rays;
And when each passing cloud obscured their light,
And I would weep because they shone less bright;
How transient was my grief that thou had fled—
How soon 't was hushed—how few the tears I shed!
How soon I mingled with the world, and thought
Its pleasure could not be too dearly bought!
Too soon I laid my weeds of mourning by,
Forgetting thou wert dead—that I should die:
If not too late, oh! sainted shade forgive,
And I will bless thy memory whilst I live.
Oh, thou hast shielded—fed me at thy breast,
And thou hast lulled me there to quiet rest;
There I have smiled unconscious of thy tears—
Hushed by thy whispers were my infant fears:
Thy lullaby hath soothed my childish grief,
When thy soul's anguish knew no sweet relief;
When thy breast laboured to suppress the sigh,
Which forced the tear that trembled in thy eye,
Secure in thine, in virtue's arms I slept,
When o'er a mother's care, my mother wept.

As childhood dawned and health bloomed on my cheek,
When first my infant lips assayed to speak,
And I had learned to lisp her much loved name,
And urge upon her love each idle claim :
When on my mind the mental light first dawned,
And new-born passions in my heart were formed ;
A mother's duty and a guardian's care
Sowed the first seeds of moral virtue there ;
Taught me, in broken accents to rehearse,
The prayer of worship and the hymn in verse :
Plucked each intruding weed that seemed inclined
To check the growth of virtue in the mind,
And shed religion's light upon my heart,
That cherished hopes which never shall depart.
She loved me thus in infancy and youth,
And hoped to guide me through the paths of truth.

But he, who rules the universe, on high,
Whose boundless wisdom fills the earth and sky ;
Whose ways no earth-born mortal, formed of dust,
Should dare, profanely dare, to think unjust ;
(Although the wrath of heaven itself should fall,
Among ten thousand, and yet spare them all,
Save one alone, the shepherd of the flock,
Who saw the thunderbolt, and felt the shock !)
'Twas he whose praise the universe hath sung,
Who aimed the fatal shaft and struck thee dumb
And palsied half thy frame—and when his rod—
(The visitation of almighty God)
Thy heart-strings broke—thou didst resign thy breath,
And thy soul's struggles to the victor, death.



When I forget with what submission thou
 In secret at his foot-stool learned to bow;
 When I forget the language of thy eye,
 As, speechless, thou didst gaze upon the sky,
 Instructing me to place my hopes on high—
 Oh! when maternal love hath lost all claim
 Upon the heart—I may forget thy name:
 'Till then my memory shall guard the shrine
 Where rests my mother's love—a gift divine.

November 11, 1829.

WINTER.

Hark! nature's herald voices loud proclaim,
 Spring, summer, autumn's mournful reign is passed:
 Ere I depart I'll breathe his chilling name,
 And be prepared, oh earth! to meet the blast.

Winter is coming—mighty columns roll
 In clouds before him as he moves along:
 He comes to exercise his stern control,
 Attended by the spirits of the storm.

He comes—he comes—I feel his icy hand—
 Hast gathered in thy harvest from the field?
 He comes to sway his sceptre o'er the land,
 And to the snow-crowned king the seasons yield.

* * * * *

Winter hath come—the whirlwinds rend the sky,
The rivers are with icy fetters bound :
As through the desert air the snow flakes fly,
He spreads his frosty carpet o'er the ground.

Winter hath come—the tempest roars aloud,
And louder surges lash the rocky shore ;
Lo ! desolation's hanging like a cloud,
O'er scenes where summer bloomed and smiled before.

Winter hath come to bleach the closing year,
Whose bloom hath faded and whose summer's past ;
Autumn hath sung her requiem while here,
And vanished as she blew a mournful blast.

Winter hath come ! the "monarque of the wood,"
In all its naked majesty and strength,
That hath a century of years withstood
The storm, falls prostrate on the earth at length.

And lo ! the forest yields, the branches bow ;
And some fall prostrate, some withstand the shock :
Oh, fearful sight ! the loftiest spire now,
Upon its strong foundation seems to rock.

Winter will pass away—the season close—
Thus, shrouds of darkness veil his awful form,
Who welcomes in the summer of repose,
Or rides upon the whirlwind through the storm.

November, 1829.



FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT

OF A YOUNG LADY.

"Alas! the course of true love never did run smooth."

As darts the silvery beams from burning skies,
Or heaven's own galaxy of starry eyes,
Ere smiling nature greets the face of day,
The golden sun-beam and the cheering ray;
So in their spheres those rolling orbs of thine,
Shed beauty's glances from thy soul o'er mine.
As Venus, on her starry throne of light,
Shines there the brightest queen of all that's bright,
Even so thy form moves gracefully along,
Where bright eyes sparkle, and where beauties throng;
With thee I mingled in the mazy dance,
And from those orbs of light stole many a glance,
When thou and other beauties graced the ball,
When thou wert there, the rival of them all.
With thee, who would not join that smiling train?
Not I—I'll never meet thee there again.
Proud, peerless beauty! have I thought thee fair?
Look on my heart—thy portrait still is there.
Thy smile, oh! nature's beauties seemed to be,
The fairest, brightest type, resembling thee.

At morn I've seen the twilight shades depart,
And felt Aurora's smile upon my heart;
As when the rising sun or solar ray,
Breaks through and drives the morning mist away,

So thy bright smile (I fancy now it beams)
 Bursts on my mind :—Love, wakened from his dreams,
 Springs to existence, and bright visions rise,
 Illumined in the sun-light of thy eyes.

As when the zephyrs whisper in the grove,
 Breathe in soft sighs their legend tales of love,
 And waft their balmy fragrance through the air,
 Which they had stolen from the roses there;
 So thy soft voice in softer whispers hushed,
 When on thy cheek the rose of beauty blushed,
 Breathed sweeter fragrance, when it could impart
 Love's melody of music to my heart.

Each feature of thy youthful face is fair,
 And golden ringlets seem thy auburne hair;
 Thy brow ! though beauty's portrait painter now,
 Can I do justice to that polished brow ?
 Cease fancy, fickle fugitive, to roam,
 Call *that* the summit of its lofty throne;
 The convex arch whose inward *graces* shine,
 On which bright Venus set her seal divine.

Love ! can that passion linger in my breast ?
 Aye, lurking boy—but don't disturb its rest.

* * * * *

'Tis thou, in all thy loveliness arrayed,
 Whose charms have faded not, yet soon must fade :
 'Tis eyes that sparkle—ruby lips that glow,
 The smile that once delighted, charmed me so ;
 It is thy *form*, thy *features*, where I trace
 Bright lines of beauty—'tis the charms of *grace*



That now awakes my muse's minstrelsy—
I sing of others as I sing of thee.
As youth glides by, crowds kneel at beauty's shrine ;
But I "a statue," could not bend to thine.
Thy heaving breast—but what may I compare
To that, whose snowy whiteness is so fair ?
Snow's *colder* than thy faithless heart, I know ;
Yet, what enshrines that heart is *fair* as snow.

By fancy's whims at last I'm captive led—
Thy feet, that still the paths of pleasure tread ;
Though prudence bids my modest muse to hush,
Or, though the prude should try in vain to blush ;
Although *thy* coral lips should pout, I own
I can not let thy *pretty feet* alone ;
The oath is not poetic, but I swear
Silk hose and clock-work veil thy beauties there.
Lady, I've sketched each outward charm and grace,
The matchless beauties of thy form and face ;
I've called thee haughty as I've called thee fair—
But unrequited love must not stop there ;
Since thou hast broke the charm—love's golden chain,
Thou canst not win a lost heart back again :
Though we should meet again, again should part,
Thou nor thy charms can never break my heart.

[On Sunday last, the Reverend Doctor Hurley administered at St. Augustine's church, the "holy sacrament," or "the communion" rite, according to the Catholic forms, to from eighty to a hundred young girls, whose ages varied from *ten* to *seventeen*, or thereabouts. The scene is said to have been unusually solemn, impressive, and beautiful. They each wore a white robe, with a veil to correspond; the interesting ceremony performed was witnessed by a large congregation assembled for that purpose, and gave rise to the following lines.]

Sweet, virgin innocence! to thee belongs
 The star-light musings of an evening hour;
 Chaste thought and word—pure spirit breathing songs—
 The lay angelic, heard in Eden bower,
 Which fancy crowds with bright seraphic throngs,
 Whilst dormant reason owns her magic power.
 Then be my thoughts as pure as Dian's dream,
 To suit the music of so sweet a theme.

Upon a sabbath morn, in robes arrayed,
 Which seemed as bright as those bright angels wear,
 A hundred virgins at the altar laid,
 Hope's sure foundation of a temple there—
 Not for those earthly hopes which bloom to fade,
 And waste their essence and so transient are;
 But those which live when beauty's bloom has fled,
 To bear their spirits up when they are dead.

Did not some angel leave her native skies,
 And then descend to earth on mercy's wings,
 And bid those gentle prostrate beings rise,
 Whilst pride still fluttered at the feet of kings!
Here, pride may sink, lest wisdom ope our eyes,
 To see the beauty of diviner things.
 E'en but to view so fair a scene as this,
 Fills the rapt soul with thoughts of holy bliss.

There, bright-eyed innocence, fair virtue's child,
And maiden beauty in the bloom of youth,
Religion at her altar saw, and smiled
To see them bow before the God of truth,
Ere this world's cold *hypocrisy* beguiled,
Hopes which when poisoned by that *serpent's tooth*,
Too oft retain the venom to the last,
'Till sin and sorrow, life and death is passed.

What were their virgin vows? as chaste as snow,
The purity of virtue's charms to keep;
To sully not religion's name—to know,
Those early hopes that trust in faith, shall reap,
If not their full reward on earth below,
Yet, when their spirits waken from death's sleep,
All that they *live* for who are born to die,
The harvest of eternal joys on high.

Presumption, hence! that would pronounce on earth,
Their spirit's destiny, nor dare condemn
That deep embosomed faith, which here gives birth
To hopes as bright as those of thine, in them:—
Let sweet religion prove their moral worth—
Dim not the lustre of the purest gem,
That shines the brightest in the human heart,
'Till its last pulse shall cease, and life depart.

Philadelphia, Oct. 17, 1832.

CONCILIATORY EPISTLE.

To ———, (CONFIDENTIAL.)

When thou wast "o'er the hills and far away,"
 (My heart was bleeding just *before* we parted :)
I hoped that where thou wast, there thou would'st stay,
 Or else return to meet me, broken hearted.
But safe and sound thou hast returned at last,
 Kissed my mamma and every dear relation ;
Yet I'm coquetting with the time that 's passed,
 When now 's the time for reconciliation.

I wondered why thou did'st bewitch me so,
 When thou wast near me, yet I know the reason ;
Thy *hand's* engaged to one mustached beau—
 To reap the harvest of his wealth this season.
But has thy *heart* engaged him ? that he'll swear,
 Who *thinks* he loves thee, for there are such ninnies,
Who can not tell exactly what they are,
 Or what they want, except when they lack guineas.

"Perhaps" you love him—had he seen how shy
 Thou wast of me, but only in his presence,
He might have thought such birds as you might fly
 Away from him, when he was *shooting pheasants*.
Oh why did'st thou torment me so the while,
 When at a prize like thee my heart was aiming ;
And so bewitch me with thy sweetest smile,
 When thou with me, and he with birds was gaming !

I've none to boast of, yet, had he my wits
And I his fortune with its charms about me,
Then love who at the mark he aims at, hits,
Had left my rival in the lurch without thee.
To hunt a fortune is "the game of life."
Thy heart is set on one, that's all about it,
Since I've no fortune, prithee be his wife,
Though thou would'st take me with, but not without it.

The London lover's case was worse than mine;
Thou did'st coquette with me but to repent it:
Let tears ne'er fall from eyes as bright as thine—
The more we love the more we may lament it:
Go to his cold embrace thou destined bride,
With golden Hymen's heavy chains about thee;
I'll soon get married too—nay—do not chide,
Since there's no living with, I'll die without thee.

SONG FOR THE POOR.

"THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S, AND THE FULNESS THEREOF."

Kind Heaven forgive us when we do repine,
Who should not murmur 'gainst the will of fate;
Deep rooted anguish of the heart is mine,
Since there is none to mourn my hapless state.

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SONG FOR THE POOR.

THE LORD'S, AND THE FULNESS THEREOF."

when we do repine,
 'gainst the will of fate ;
 art is mine,
 my hapless state.

Be mine the treasures of the soul, though poor,
Though pompous pride ne'er nursed me in my youth;
If hope's foundations fail that were not sure,
I feel they 're broken by the force of truth.

Ah! years of childhood and its dreams of bliss,
Like morning twilight at the break of day,
Vanish like spirits from a world like this,
When Hope eternal bears them hence away.

Had I but seen before my infant eyes,
Life's tempest clouds rest o'er my future years,
My spirit then had longed to reach the skies,
Where smiles serene are never dimmed by tears.

Cold penury, Oh! whatsoe'er thou art,
Though good intended by a present ill,
Thy breath that chills me can not freeze my heart,
Whilst Providence submits me to its will.

Know you, frail creatures of a transient day,
With this world's brightness beaming on your breast,
Your mantled bosoms shall in dust decay,
When Death shall tear from you Pride's purple vest.

And know'st thou not, with helmet on thy head,
On whose bright crest the nodding plume now waves,
Though glory's visions throng around thy bed,
Its slumbers are unbroken in the graves!

Know ye who sleep in affluent repose,
Upon the couch that pleasure strews with flowers—
Who scorn the poor, Death's lurking near the rose,
And in concealment lures thee to thy bowers!

Know'st thou who leans on Hope, that rests on earth,
Who mock the poor that place *their* hopes on high,
Her heart perhaps grew sick who gave thee birth,
That sorrow's offspring died as thou mayest die !

You who are wretched yet may happy be,
You who are happy be more wretched still ;
Riches have wings and traitor like may flee
From those who trust to fickle Fortune's will.

Oh! for a pure and philosophic mind,
That we might ever feel the truth we test ;
When armed with virtue's shield, we're more inclined
To pity pride, whose meanness stands confessed.

Here wisdom learns her lessons o'er the grave,
Where rich and poor shall slumber side by side,
And rot together, where Death's banners wave
O'er friend and foe—where there's no room for pride.

GIRARD'S vast treasure, all the good 't will yield,
If but ambition sealed the great bequest,
(This sacred truth the scripture hath revealed)—
Will prove no passport to eternal rest.

HIS INDUSTRY sought WEALTH, GOOD all its aim ;
Pride never set its signet on his mind :
He lived to rear a temple to his fame,
And died, a bright example to mankind.

Few scatter Fortune's bounties 'mong the poor,
Earned by the labour of life's harvest time ;
And his reward in heaven may be sure,
Who toiled for virtue and discarded crime.


" *The earth's the Lord's, its fulness all His own:*"
The poor can have the riches of His love;
The rich too may be blessed, if from his throne
The bounty they deserve that's from above.

THE ADIEU.

" Dear d——d distracting *Muse*, farewell!"
Thou hast bewildered so my brain,
And conjured up in music's cell,
Such thoughts, my fancy's wild again.
I'll bid thee, Sorceress, adieu—
Thy necromancy's lost its power;
Good bye to that, to rhyme and you,
Whose smile makes fortune look so sour.

Farewell—don't weep my lady muse—
'Tis NINE to one, there's truth in this;
'Twixt two great evils let me choose
The greatest that yields greater bliss.
So argue those who've not enough
Of gold, and have too much of thee,
Whose *heads or pockets* want "the stuff"
That genius never coined for me.

Oh, do not sob so loud—depart,
And leave me to myself resigned;
First measure all that's left, the heart,
And weigh my manhood by my mind.



Suspend not Fortune's golden scales,
To-day my empty *head* feels light;
To-morrow, ere my courage fails,
My heart I think will set it right.

Nay, false one! we shall meet no more
On this side of oblivion's grave;
Why hast thou led me to the shore,
To plunge me 'neath its silent wave!
Ah! every stanza I have wrote,
Forever must remain unsung;
Since Fame won't give me for them *a groat*,
Thou and thy *harp* should here be *hung*.

I go—the river's dark and deep—
I do not like thy "limpid streams;"
Beneath those waters must I sleep,
And never awake again in dreams!
I'll write my name upon the sand—
When gone, write thou my epitaph;
Dost smile, and lend thy lily hand
To save me! madness, do not laugh!

"I'm off" from this—but know, coquette,
That *when* I take *French leave* of thee,
I'll leave the trap which thou hast set,
That others may be caught, not me.
The literary *bucks* who chase
Belles lettres fame, or timid deers,
May round Parnassus run the race,
Through flowery hopes and bramble fears.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Fine fun—the lurking critics there,
 Like wolves will fasten on their prey;
 Brave fellows too, who will not spare
 The stronger “lions of the day.”
 They let the bullfrog poet sing
 Quite *unmolested* in the bog:
 Of poets then who’d be the king—
 Who would not rather be *the frog*!

Go, faithless, fond, provoking queen
 Of fancies bright, and feelings strong;
 Let Fame hide thee behind her screen,
 Which never echoes back my song.
 Stay there, and mock me if you please,
 But should’st thou tantalize my brain
 With something like such thoughts as these—
 Perhaps I’ll “*cut* and come again.”

 LINES

TO THE AMIABLE AND INTERESTING LADY OF MY PARTICULAR FRIEND, WHEN CONVALESCENT.

Sweet nature set upon thy brow so fair,
 The seal of beauty, yet thy charms *must* fade;
 Time steals the blushes from yon roses, where,
 They, like the lily, shun the forest shade:

Heaven's light rests on their leaves, and summer's breath,
With fervent kisses, blends those tints divine—
Ere winter comes, sere autumn's chill of death
Strikes out their charms that rival only thine.

Thou art fair virtue's cherished child :—when earth
Wears snow-clad robes as white as those I see,
Thy spirit's brightness that to hope gives birth,
Shall shed soft lustre o'er thy friends and thee.
Eternal summer bliss but dwells on high—
That pure ethereal air the angels breathe,
Surrounds the soul that is not born to die,
Where cherub hands entwine sweet virtue's wreath.

DREAM OF THE DEPARTED.

Come summer soothing thoughts awhile,
Though winter's snow is falling fast,
And warm my bosom with a smile,
Whilst memory recalls the past—
A blessed power which ever brings
Together mingled smiles and tears,
When 'neath the twilight of her wings,
Sweet visions of the past appears.

I now see shadowy forms flit by—
The silent and promiscuous throng,
Of those who here were born to die
So soon, to make life seem so long.

Ethereal spirits hover near,
 Around this prison house of clay,
 And seek my soul's embraces here,
 That dare not throw her chains away.

Yet life is sweet, though "hours there are,"
 Of gloom and gladness, light and shade,
 When day's bright beam and evening's star,
 Together blend, together fade—
 When Hope, half smiling, turns her eyes,
 Half filled with tears, and only sees
 A misty cloud before her rise,
 And looking backward, scenes like these.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Pass onward—fancy's in the field,
 And memory reviews ye all;
 Unguarded reason drops her shield,
 And o'er me gentle slumbers fall:
 Half earthly and half heavenly smiles,
 Without one tear salutes me now,
 And looks which my rapt soul beguiles,
 Thus bids me to this vision bow.

I know thee 'mong the throngs unknown,
 Which pass in crowds before my mind;
 Thy spirit from this world hath flown,
 And to a happier world's resigned.
 And loved thee like that phantom form,
 That passes next before my eyes,
 Whose bosom had a heart too warm
 For this cold world, so sought the skies.

A wandering cherub, from its birth,
 Who scarcely lived two summers here,
 That left a mother's arms on earth,
 Who left this world without a tear—
 I see, both mother and the child
 Together range, together move,
 As when they on each other smiled,
 Though death divided not their love.

Another phantom form glides by—
 Dark ringlet tresses o'er her breast
 Contrast its whiteness, and her eye
 Tells me her happy spirit 's blessed.
 Ere fourteen summer suns arose,
 She gave her breath to him who gave
 Her life and being, and left those
 Who loved, to mourn her in the grave:

Aye, in immortal robes, as white
 And pure as heaven's descending snow,
 With eyes, for earthly eyes too bright,
 With thoughts too pure from earth to flow—
 I see thee, with that placid smile,
 Bestow an angel's look on me,
 And seraph-like, my soul the while
 Embraces all that's left of thee.

Ah, fancy! sport not with my pain—
 Why bring with them from heaven to earth,
 (Who there we yet may meet again),
 This phantasma of ill-timed mirth?

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

And forms of those I never saw,
With features that I never knew !
My spell-begotten dream is o'er,
And laughing phantoms vanish too.

Such visits from the realms of bliss,
To such a stormy world of woe,
Lifts up our soaring hopes from this,
To bring such beings here below.
But here so mingle hopes and fears ;
Serene and cloudy skies so blend
With joy and grief, and smiles and tears,
Sad thoughts with gayer fancies end.

THE SYBIL'S PROPHECY.

Since thou thy destiny would'st hear,
And dost command me to relate
Each source of future hope or fear,
That 's written in the book of fate—
Attentive be, and know the while
I look upon that polished brow,
A dark cloud passes o'er the smile
That plays upon its surface now.

Ah lady ! with those eyes of love,
That yesterday with tears were bright,
Seest thou yon silver orb above ?
And lo ! 'tis clouded from thy sight !

Thus soft the rays that on my mind
Have dawned ; but as I spake, passed o'er
A cloud of fears, where hopes enshrined,
Such darkness never knew before.

Wilt thou not shrink to hear a truth
That can not soothe those doubts and fears ?
Know then, false hearted is the youth
Who breathes love's music in thy ears.
The vow is false which he hath sworn—
This ring thou wearest—even this,
Another fair as thou has worn,
And he *betrayed her with a kiss.*

Thy heart is yet love's holy shrine,
Deep rooted is the passion there :
Too fondly cherished—too divine
To be abandoned in despair.
But ah ! last night's foreboding dream,
(Well may thy blushing cheek turn pale),
Will be thy heart's corroding theme,
When sighs and tears can nought avail.

Ere yon new moon is full and bright,
Thy bosom's fears shall be at rest ;
That youth may meet thy eyes of light,
Return and clasp thee to his breast.
But ere another moon appears,
The proud false-hearted one will prove
A traitor to thee, and thy tears
Shall tell the tale of injured love.

Thy form, so fair, shall waste away,
The rose of beauty leave thy cheek ;
Thy maiden charms shall fast decay,
Thy eye grow dim, thy voice grow weak.
But thou, all guileless as thou art,
Shall be preserved as chaste as now ;
Love's victim with a broken heart,
Shall sink beneath a broken vow.

When tears have answered to thy sighs,
This world and thou have lost thy charms,
Thou shalt, love's last fair sacrifice,
Then slumber in death's icy arms.
In mercy I will not reveal
That dreadful day of doom to thee !
And yon bright glowing skies conceal
Thy spirit's brighter destiny.

SONG.

“ 'TIS LOVE, STILL LOVE.”

Oh ! infant love ! when first I saw
Thy rosy smiles like sun-beams play
Around my heart, I asked no more,
So rich thy blessing seemed that day.
When thy soft whispers met my ears,
I thought celestial joys above,
Which cherubs sing of in the spheres,
Surpassed not here the bliss of love.

Like summer breathings seemed those sighs,
Which made fair Beauty's bosom swell
With sweet emotions—and her eyes
Told more than language dared to tell.
Suspended on hope's golden chain
My fond anticipations hung,
And I had spoken—but in vain,
Love placed his fetters on my tongue.

Oh! why was I *forbid* to speak—
This new-born passion to express?
The heart replies—words are too weak
To utter all its tenderness!
'Tis why from Beauty's beaming eyes
Such glances full of meaning dart;
Whene'er she hears her lover's sighs,
Their echoes vibrate on her heart.

These are love's tokens—looks are words,
And sighs, that answer to those looks,
Explain their meaning, like the birds
That sing beside the summer brooks.
Oh! could I bow at Beauty's shrine
As I have fondly knelt before;
So rich the blessings, so divine
Love's rosy smiles, I ask no more.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LOVE'S "MINIATURE PAINTERS."

A maiden to a sylvan grove
Once wandered to beguile the hours,
Where zephyrs breathe their sighs of love,
And youth and beauty build their bowers.

But evening twilight soon appeared:
The maiden started—"I am lost,"
She cried, yet knew not what she feared,
Until a form the path-way crossed.

(The timid girl imagined not
A youth was "coming through the rye,"
To meet—or at love's hallowed spot,
To steal one glance from her bright eye.)

But ah! she knew not whom she saw!
She fainted there; and in a trance
To her distracted friends he bore
Her lovely form—there met her glance.

They parted, and one summer sun
Revolved, and winter too had flown;
The youth knew not her heart he'd won,
Yet both in secret sighed alone.

* * * * *

A man there was whose matchless skill
Fame spread abroad, while yet a youth;
Whose pencil, that obeyed his will,
In glowing colours copied truth.



To him, unknown, the fair one wrote—
 Enclosed a miniature she'd drawn,
 Of one then far away, remote,
 With whom her happiness had gone.

"Pray, sir, (she wrote) oh! copy this,
 Exert thy utmost skill and pains,
 And should'st thou sigh for golden bliss,
 Whate'er the *price*, I'll grant thy claims."

The artist broke the seal-like charm,
 Thought fancy, then, in sport played tricks!
 But soon hope hushed the false alarm,
 Her blushing seal soon met his lips.

He saw his features there portrayed!
 The artist too could imitate
 Sweet nature: he had long since made
 The fair one's copy for his sake.

"My price is set, I claim thee then,"
 In extacy the artist cried;
 "Thou art thyself a priceless gem,"
 Worth more than all the world beside.

And from his bosom forth he drew
 Her miniature in diamonds bright,
 As clear as crystal drops of dew,
 That sparkle in the rosy light.

The messenger is gone that went
 When yet our hearts were young, yet knew
 The value of the message he bore,
 And how to save the heart's true glow.

For when the sun and moonlight saw
 The heart's true glow—the heart's true glow
 Through the sun—the heart's true glow
 Through the sun—the heart's true glow

And when the heart's true glow
 Through the sun—the heart's true glow
 Through the sun—the heart's true glow
 Through the sun—the heart's true glow

And when the heart's true glow
 Through the sun—the heart's true glow
 Through the sun—the heart's true glow
 Through the sun—the heart's true glow

And when the heart's true glow
 Through the sun—the heart's true glow
 Through the sun—the heart's true glow
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RECEIVING HOPES

In where but a grace the peace of mind
 That mingled with the smile of pleasure,
 When in this world was enshrined
 Each fond hope to the soul a treasure.

When childhood was life's smiling spring,
 And all was innocence and gladness;
 And buoyant hope was on the wing,
 Without this heavy weight of sadness.
 Oh! where are now those joys I've known!
 Like half-remembered dreams they've flown.

The spring of life has passed away—
 Its summer here shall soon have vanished;
 New hopes had birth and where are they?
 Youth has not fled, but they are banished.
 Like summer roses they have smiled,
 But ah! relentless fate suspended,
 Some charm above me that beguiled
 Those hopes with pain and pleasure blended.
 Thus o'er our exiled hopes we sigh!
 But while youth lasts they can not die.

What are those hopes I've treasured here,
 Within this bosom's fount of feeling;
 Whence often flows the silent tear,
 And deep emotions thus revealing!
 Though they seem phantom forms of bliss,
 And dance around the mind when sleeping,
 They yield no real happiness,
 But mock us when the heart is weeping.
 With earth-born hopes, oh! why not part—
 The smiling traitors break the heart.

In spring, they imaged something bright,
And fairer in life's summer season :
Ere flashed upon my mind, the light
Of truth, so blended here with reason.
Love mingled with each blissful theme,
When beauty's smile my heart elated ;
Hope proved most like an empty dream,
When nearest to the heart related.
With earth-born hopes then why not part—
The smiling traitors break the heart.

[The following simple stanzas were suggested by the perusal of a delightful volume, entitled the "*Pleasures of Friendship*," and other poems, by Dr. M'Henry. If the eagle, hovering over Mount Parnassus, "suffers little birds to sing" his praises, the fault can not be attributed to the "bird of Jove," if they should breathe to him no sweeter minstrelsy than that of my modest muse (transformed into a "mocking bird,") resting on the bough of a little tree, trembling like an aspen leaf in autumn, and overlooking the chilled, yet bright waters of an "American Lake."

Thou, who in strains so glowing sweet and free,
Hast sung the power of friendship o'er the mind,
Accept the humble wreath I weave for thee,
Though brighter garlands far thy temples bind.
Can such as feel they have a bosom friend,
Muse on thy song then throw it idly by ?
Nay, each soft strain must with their feelings blend,
As rainbow tints are mingled with the sky.

Pure as the spirit that inspires thy song,
Bright as the laurels on thy brow that shine,
Thy fame shall flourish verdantly and long,
And friendship kneel a pilgrim at thy shrine.
Thou hast to her a glorious tribute paid;
(Streams murmur music as their bright waves roll;)
And reared a trophy that shall never fade,
While generous throbs inspire the human soul.

Amidst the silence of the sylvan grove,
Oh! let me oft enjoy an hour like this,
And worshipping the radiant "Star of Love,"*
Bless that bright emblem of enduring bliss.
And may we from the graver strains of "Age,"*
Feel the soft influence hoary years can lend;
Or view each virtue on her portrait page,
That marks the lover, patriot, or the friend!

"THE HEART IS DECEITFUL ABOVE ALL THINGS, AND DESPERATELY WICKED."

How oft we fix our thoughts on high,
And feel there is no real bliss,
Save that which dwells beyond the sky,
Above a guilty world like this!

* Other poems contained in that volume.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Earth's vanities we deem so poor,
So mean and abject here below,
Its happiness so insecure,
That bliss supreme we long to know.

Then had the spirit wings to fly,
And leave its prison house of clay—
The darkness here—'t would soar on high,
And seek those realms of endless day.
The soul, when lifted up above
Life's guilty joys—when here oppressed
With heavy burdens—like a dove
Would "fly away and be at rest."

Such are the moments when we see
How false the joys this world can give;
We pant for immortality,
And long to die, that we may live;
Where pure immortal spirits reign
Beyond this life of nature, where,
Nor sin, nor sorrow, grief or pain,
Can ever find admittance there.

If we have faith but to believe,
Have hope and can on hope rely;
Would falsehood then its poison breathe,
That "pleasures are not born to die!"
Can this world's sordid joys alone,
Which pass like fading flowers away,
O'ercome those truths so mighty grown;
Can these so weak lead those astray?

Oh! if there is a substance there,
If here its shadowy image be,
Then why do we so vainly dare
To grasp the nothingness we see!
Because the heart is full of sin,
Of wickedness and vain deceit;
Because the tempter lurks within,
The soul's destruction to complete.

Alas! to sin and death is given,
A power that may subdue below;
But faith can give us strength from heaven,
To lay the fell destroyers low.
Then let us turn our thoughts on high,
Above a guilty world like this,
Renounce those pleasures born to die,
And hope for that immortal bliss.

THE BIRTH OF LIGHT.

A FRAGMENT.

No farther penetrate, nor vainly dare
To grope through darkness for a hidden light
That shines before God's holy altars, where
'T will be revealed:—but now, since fancy bright
Is on the wing, and darkness veils the earth,
Say, where was light before creation's birth!

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Tw'as universal darkness and the noon
Of midnight's reign—then in existence sprung
Creation's vast all mighty work, and soon
The earth self-balanced on her centre hung ;"
Whirled on its axis ere the etherial race,
Then darted through immensity of space.

Eternal wisdom then and power divine,
Beheld the whole mighty mass of matter move
In its vast circuit, and the wheels of time
Were set in motion by his sovereign love :
One revolution finished at his nod,
And all was perfect in the sight of God.

Chaos, thus pregnant with his word, gave birth
To Nature, and obeyed th' almighty will ;
Supremacy alone beheld the earth
Swell into matter, and at once fulfil
The mandate as it issued from the sky,
From him whose throne eternal is on high !

Nor was th' almighty project then confined,
To the creation of *this* orb alone !
Ten thousand times ten thousand did the mind
Of Deity suggest from heaven's high throne :
All run their course in darkness—darkness still
Concealed the unfinished work—obeyed his will.

“ God said, let there be light,” and then the light
Rushed forth from heaven, and to the centre sprang,
Of the whole system! thus dissolved the night—
The reign of darkness ceased—of light began!
Yon glorious sun is his all-seeing eye—
The centre of one system, in the sky.

Thus Light spread forth a universal blaze—
Unnumbered worlds at once illumined through;
Gave light to other suns, which lent their rays
To other systems.—Mortal, can'st thou view,
And say (oh! 'tis unspeakable,) *how* bright
Is that pure fountain of Eternal Light!

ENIGMA.

When Time commenced his endless reign on earth,
Ere man existed and the world was known,
The great Creator who gave all things birth,
Th' almighty source of all knows me alone.

Yet men would oft unmask it to mankind;
Have dared to think with mortal eyes they saw
This seeming father and yet heir of time!
The secrets of the tomb shall teach them more.

They every hour in their thoughts encroach,
(But vainly so) on what relates to me;
And millions every moment would approach,
Yet shrink back should I lisp their destiny!

Thousands would gladly banish from their breasts,
 The thought of me which wounds their peace of mind,
 And guilty conscience prompts some to confess,
 What I shall otherwise divulge—their crimes.

To man below I yield no happiness,
 Inflict no pangs, nor cause them misery;
 Yet they look up to me for heavenly bliss;
 Not those on earth who dread the grave and me.

* * * * *

Although 't is thus obscured—it is a light,
 That some would wish for if they dared to see—
 But mortal vision could not bear the sight,
 That would unveil to them FUTURITY.

STANZAS

INSCRIBED TO MY SISTER, MISS ADELINE AUGUSTA, OF
 BOSTON.

Fair Boston! when thy Charles and Mystic's rolling waves
 of light,
 Shall cease to ebb and flow through scenes so picturesque
 and bright;
 And when thy hills no longer rest upon their kindred earth,
 Shall I forget my native land, the city of my birth.

Relentless fate, ah ! why was I an exile doomed to roam,
To sigh so soon a long adieu and bid farewell to home ;
Dear visions of departed years that swell my throbbing heart,
Still linger on my mind until its spirit shall depart.

Whilst heaven's bright drapery is hung suspended in the
 skies,
O'er yon fair city of my birth whose lofty towers rise,
And whilst the vital flame of life shall warm this aching
 breast,
My memory shall paint some scenes, and fancy sketch the
 rest.

Upon the banks of gentle Charles, whose saline waters flow
Through Brighton's rural scenes, and shine along the course
 they go ;
The mansion of my youth remains, and there a mother's love
Once cherished me, until she sought those blissful realms
 above.

And consecrated is the spot where freedom's banner waves,*
O'er friends, departed kindred there, who slumber in their
 graves :

Defend from sacrilege those walls, and guard the silent tomb
Of her who slumbers in its vaults and met an early doom.

As twilight shades, when day's departing glories sink to rest,
Steal softly o'er the earth, grief throws her mantle o'er my
 breast ;

The sun will sink to rise again and twilight will depart ;
Not so the star of hope that sets forever in the heart.

* The Armoury, in the immediate vicinity of the cemetery.

Yet memory ! thou spirit of the past, to thee I owe
The mournful pleasure that I feel—this luxury of woe ;
And but for thee, my native home, departed friends, the
dead—
Had vanished from my mind, and youth's bright visions too
had fled.

Fair Boston but to list thy name, what proud emotions swell
My breast ! yet destiny decreed at home I should not dwell :
Pride bade me leave thy ocean-cinctured shores ; and now I
view,
Through fancy's telescope, the scenes to which I 've bid adieu.

Yet pride more laudable and just may cheer an exile's heart,
To know that thou art rearing up thy monuments of art ;
Thy temples to the living God ; to science, and to truth ;
That education sheds the light of learning on thy youth.

Long may thy sons be taught to know the value of their
sires ;
May Freedom's smile still warm those hearts which patriot-
ism fires ;
And may her smile a halo shed, of light, around the world,
'Till Freedom's star shall set where first her banners were
unfurled.

August 21, 1829.



POETICAL RECEIPTS.

Together mingle two *white lies*,
And torture truth upon the rack ;
Burn "blue lights" for the *sacrifice*,
And two white lies will make one black.

TO MAKE LOVE.

Look—do not speak a word at first,
Then try once more in vain to speak,
And then speak out, if speak you must,
All you had thought of for a week.

Go stammer forth a cold farewell,
Return and you 'll grow warm again ;
What courage had no tongue to tell
Before, you 'll sigh for now—what then ?

You 'll leave a lover's warm adieu—
A coldness in the lady's heart—
Your *glove* with her—and she with you
A strange reluctance *thus* to part.

In case you should return once more,
Take courage—she 'll return your glove,
And leave it with you *at the door*,
And you will leave her heart with love.

She 'll dream of you that very night:—
Next morning if her *Pa's* away,
And her Mamma is out of sight,
You 'll say what thrice you meant to say.

Ah! then all *fair* advantage take,
 And if her lily hand you press,
 Love's blind, but if you're "wide awake,"
 She's more in love, and you no less.

TO MAKE A TURK.

Buy and sell—*rice versa*—sell
 And buy, and set your wits to work;
 Shave notes—make compound interest tell,
 Who makes most money, Jew or Turk?
 If Jew! learn how his money's made,
 Then if a christian, turn a Jew;
 If Turk! by Turkish gold be swayed,
 And money 'll make a Turk of you.

"THE OUTS," VERSUS THE INS.

[This political *squib* was intended, and particularly its local allusions, for the meridian of Philadelphia; but will answer, during election times, for other cities, as well as villages where are located a "town hall," and two or more rival or opposition papers; as well as individuals who contend for the honours and emoluments of office.]

We having been thrust out, are quite outraged,
 Out-done, out-witted, out of time and season;
 We're out of spirits just like birds incaged,
 And out upon the in's to know the reason.
 We made a fence outside the state house doors,
 And will defend it when we get inside them;
 We're out of office; "on the fence" we pause—
 Out of our latitude we were beside them.

We 're out of "salaries" but not of cash,
Therefore we must be "in for it," it follows;
Not out of fashion, for we make a dash
And charge the councils with "two thousand dollars."
We 're out of them, though we were "ousted" out,
And should they oust us in, that would be funny;
But "honour bright" is all we want, no doubt,
Though we 're the people's men, for the people's money.

You 're in for luck we fear, for good and all,
Inside the railings, not in our good graces;
In duty's path; do from your horses fall,
That with them we may win for you the races.
You 're in the way, alas, of keeping in,
And keeping out us democratic sinners;
Our letters patent made us *for to sin*—
We bet and lost—the people are the winners.

You 're in, inside inclined to stay : in vain
Intrigue, invention, innocence like ours,
In thought—(indeed !) in short, we are in pain,
And in despair, in sunshine and in showers.
We 're out, out-right, and out of patience too,
Out done ("done up") and will be soon "done over;"
We want to get in and to put out you,
And mean, says Pat, to "do that thing" moreover.

Philad. Sept. 12, 1833.



"NOW REST THEE HERE MY GONDOLIER."

Stay—stay thy speed my pleasure boat,
Hush—hush thy shivering sails;
Beside this gentle bank here float,
Annoyed by no rude gales.

Love's pilot, play thy lute whilst I
Go seek yon cottage light;
Its glimmering rays my eyes descry,
My heart beats with delight.

Soft, soft, hope's anchor holds thee fast,
I go—sport here the while;
I haste to dreaming love's repast,
To greet his rosy smile.

"Oh! did we seek for happiness
In heaven above, as we
Here seek for woman's love, what bliss
The future state* would be."†

TRANSMIGRATION.

Methinks, since all men have their creeds,
That I too have a right to mine:
I question not their faith or deeds,
Nor reader, interfere with thine.

* Marriage state the fair reader may substitute if it pleases her.

† Moore, mutilated.

If thou wilt meddle not with me,
And prithee let my creed alone ;
We'll both agree to *disagree*,
And leave it to the see of Rome.

My mind is in a conflagration,
When vice leaves virtue in despair:
The former is by transmigration,
A very demon lurking there.

Our ancient faith is full of dreams,
Still we believe when sailors die,
They all turn into "horse marines,"
And horse marines to smaller fry.

That wicked lawyers will, no doubt,
Assume some "questionable shape,"
And turn to something inside out,
And get *themselves* into a scrape.

Quacks who with pills and powders kill,
The soldier who in battle falls,
Beside the dancing master, will
From powder turn to "fancy balls."

Rogues, thieves, will turn to rats and mice,
And drunkards—so it is presumed—
Will turn from frozen water (ice)
To spirits, not to be consumed.

The bucks who chase their pretty *dears*,
Will turn to ven'son and hate dogs;
When coxcombs all wear asses' ears,
Fat aldermen will turn to hogs.

Tailors then will chase the geese,
And turbaned Turks the turkeys then;
Zounds! all the Greeks will turn to grease,
Ere Russia can deliver them.

Those dreadful pirates, and all such men,
When they become *transmogrified*!
Will all turn into "flying dutchmen,"—
Steam—and stem the wind and tide.

Though man his future lot bewails,
Sweet ladies, calm *your* anxious fears,
You—*some* of you 'll turn nightingales,
And sing the music of the spheres.

Whene'er the poet's spirit flies,
And would-be poets wing their flight;
If ever *thus* they reach the skies,
Or swim there through a flood of light,

They 'll turn to moonshine—silver streams—
(But not to making books)—oh, la!
To solar rays and silver beams,
And skip about from star to star.

BEAUTY AT THE ALTAR.

The bright winged zephyrs, dancing round us now,
Are fabled forms, and fancy gives them wings;
Their gentle breathings fan the fevered brow,
And, when they sweep the lyre, some angel sings.
The harp Æolian doth enchant me now—
Light fingered music's sporting with the strings.
My thoughts are roving to the house of prayer,
And first I saw thy guileless beauty there.

No word, no whisper passed thy lips to me,
For then thy thoughts held converse with the sky;
Nor did thy spirit's brighter mirrors see
The soul-illuminated glances of the eye,
That fell upon thy form, too near to me,
For me to be with sainted hope on high.
Yet if I gazed at one so young and fair,
Oh, "Holy Virgin!" thou wast with her there.

Who dare the temple of his God profane,
And bow before religion's holy shrine;
Dare soil his spirit's purity, and stain
With blot, the consecrated walls divine:
Leave, sacrilegious wretch, the holy fane,
Or stay and wash away the guilt, if thine.
When youth and beauty at the altar kneels
Behold the charms which innocence reveal.

TO ANONYMOUS "PETER."

And as I read thy lines on "Charity,"
 And mark thy best of feelings have *decoyed*
 Thee from thy muse into self-sacrifice;
 And that thy very words belie thy heart;
 Therefore, I'll make thee out a hypocrite.
 Nor start not, "Peter!"—patience, hear me through.
 Hypocrites thou hast been guilty of,
 And if thou hast not played a double part,
 May I be——played upon like Hamlet's pipe—
 So made to eat the bread of charity.
 Drink ardent spirits, and then *eat my words*.

A "squalid beggar" doubtless came to thee,
 And held before thy eyes a naked child,
 Which then (my eyes "allow my muse to guess")
 Distilled some blue drops from the fountain head,
 Which is the heart, whence gentle pity flows,
 Although thou wouldst not tell the *world* of that.
 Methinks thou gavest not that cold advice,
 Which some men lavish when they give, unasked,
 But gave to her thy gold, which was to thee
 The same as dross, compared with blessed tears
 That she bestowed upon thee in return.

Thy "charity"—thy charitable lines,
 Were goose-quill arrows dipped in good black ink,
 And should they strike like venom to the heart,
 Even charity would suck the poison out.

This is a selfish world, beyond a doubt,
 And those whose hearts abound with it the most,
 Should have a plaster placed upon the breast,
 To draw the evil out—Do, Peter! do
 Make one of satire, not of *Spanish flies*.

EXTRACTS

FROM A MS. POEM, ENTITLED, "THE VISION OF WAR."

* * * * *

And lo! the whirlwinds, tempest-winged, are there :
 Havock, confusion's uproar 'mongst the waves,
 Defeat the deep laid schemes of mortal man—
 Of the proud admirals, though well contrived.

The affrighted navies rushing from the coasts,
 Seek sure destruction farther from the land :
 The stormy elements are now their foes,
 That still pursue those ships that have not sunk :—
 They separate, thus scattered by the winds.
 Some rush upon the rocks and are destroyed ;
 Some founder on the banks, and some are borne
 Against the shoals, the rocky cliffs and shores,
 Then come in contact with each other's wrecks.
 The hulls, masts, spars, and fragments of them all,
 With living forms thereon, are tossed about,
 Till scattered thus, they sink and disappear.

E'en like the armada's of the seas away;
Where mighty navies leave no wreck behind
Of all the glory buried in the deep,
That heaven and liberty had overthrown.
Ambitious despot! such be thy reward.

Now on my dream again of earthly strife
I muse, the sanguine subject of my song.
When all those glittering arms of yonder hosts
Shall cross each other, clashing in the fray;
When front to front, and line to line opposed,
And flank to flank the warriors are engaged,
I'll sketch the spectre horrors of the scene.

Even now before me I behold
With vision more distinct, the extended plains
Covered with steel clad men in armour bright—
* * * * *
* * * * *
Hark! methinks I hear a rumbling sound,
Like distant thunder, in the echoing skies;
Or like an earthquake voice at midnight hour,
When the deep bosom of the earth sends forth
A long protracted, fear-forboding groan;
Or "like the sound of many waters," heard
Upon the tempest-stricken, raging seas,
Far distant from the shore, burst on my ears!
The sound proceeds from the approaching hosts—
A mighty mass of the advancing troops—
The tramp of horses and the heavy tread
Of many feet, of millions not a few;

And the earth groans o'erburdened with its weight.
The pioneers, an army of themselves,
Approach, and now the trumpet's voice I hear
Proclaim these heralds of those armies nigh:
And echo, from the vallies and the hills,
Repeats the shrill and martial notes of war,
And —————

THE PATRIOT PRESIDENT,

"THAT IS TO BE."

There is no Hercules of modern times
To take a model from, to form the man,
Whose vast gigantic stature, and whose strength
And prowess lie but in his mighty arm;
That hath the power to grasp a meaner thing,
(Comparing thus this body's size with that—
Though he may mentally be twice as strong,
Whose body's stature only measures less,)
And bear him up yon cliff of rugged rocks,
And dash him headlong in the boiling sea:
Yet Hercules we'd have, one that the world,
At least our country, proudly looked upon,
And scanned the beauty of his moral strength,
And fair proportions of his mighty mind.

Kind heaven! then send another Washington,
That all who love their country may behold
His lofty bearing; dignity and grace

So well combined together, that his brow
May shine forth all the lustre of the heart,
And seem to be the seal that marks him as
An image worthy of his country's love.
And him the people would delight to give
Those honours to, which they themselves would share—
Nor would they pluck the wreath from off his brow,
Whose merit won the laurel meed of fame.
My fancy views him now—his very step,
Majestic, shows the majesty of man.
He walks with unaffected ease the earth,
And seems unconscious that he is the chief
Over the happy land that gave him birth.
He is a guardian of the rights of man,
Yet feels responsible to heaven alone.
Oft in his closet, though in public life,
His spirit sighs for soft domestic peace,
Yet bears the heavy burdens of the state.
Intrigue, officious arrogance, and pride
That on the stepping stones of office sit,
And sigh for a pre-eminence like his,
Dare not e'en whisper what they most desire,
And still less dare to bribe *his* confidence.
Nor are his favours or his smiles withheld
From humble merit in more humble life,
That doth the wealth of moral worth possess,
With requisites that fit them for the state.
His courteous charity sees far and near,
In some, some merit, and in others more:

There is much yet for the patriot good ;
 And his the country : inside he makes his own.

And now she assumes the eagle's shape,
 And lo ! in her mind will resound wings,
 "What the mighty sun of liberty's birth-day ?"
 The words are simple : in my secret thoughts,
 They, too, conceived, shall have some form or shape,
 Whose meaning is the shadow of her wings.
 Heaven's light was on her, and the "bird of Jove"
 Shows her shadowy image in my breast.
 The children of our heaven-born liberty
 I cherish thus the offspring of the heart,
 And give the mother word that gave it birth.
 Where was the eagle now ? Her shadowy form
 Flies on its wings yet. Away proud bird !
 And on the wings of your lady come.
 What was it in its assembled congress of
 The States, aimed for the general weal,
 Power our congress and our country too,
 And gave their word — inspire the chieftain's heart
 What nation was, that he may catch
 In its own the lightning of those eyes,
 To watch the traces of all well hopes like his,
 That now believe the freedom's stars here,
 And give her for the welfare of mankind


July 22, 1832

Now Fancy, who creates what forms she will,
Doth shape a man with body and with mind,
That each may seem each other's counterpart,
In thought and beauty, dignity and grace:
And the frail deity who now presides
O'er human reason in her sober mood,
And o'er the humblest of the muse's throng,
Doth place the man beneath the eagle's wings,
And calls him Atticus ; a name that may
Well fit the man that fits his station well.

Without a glittering crown upon his head,
Or golden sceptre grasped in his right hand,
Like that yon Russian autocrat now holds,
To fright his subjects with, whose magic power
Doth awe the vassals of *his* sovereign will,
Our great republic crowns him " President."
No awful pomp or pageantry of state
Surrounds him, seated on the *people's throne*.
Their sovereign voice proclaims his high deserts,
And he obeys, that they may be obeyed.
Their will, transferred to him, through him shall rule
The nation's destinies : (if but the aid
Of that Almighty Power that governs all,
Supports, upholds us in the hour of need,
When nations place their trust in heaven alone,
And fear, too late, their misplaced confidence
In such a vile and worthless thing as man.
" Clothed in a little brief authority,"
That man is blinded by official pride,
Who will not see how great his errors are.)

'T is well,—digression only serves to show
How great the contrast is between what is
And what we hope for yet,—which yet may be.
Behold "the President" *that is to be*.
High o'er his head the scales of Justice hang,
Suspended from the towering eagle's beak,
Well balanced by the blindfold goddess there,
Who sees impartially 'twixt right and wrong.
Behold! it is a glorious sight indeed!
His single birthright, liberty and power,
Is in one scale, and wisdom seals the weight.
Our country's rights, the aggregate of all,
Weigh what they should, and neither more nor less:
The people place them in the other scale,
And 't is the counterbalance weight which makes
The even beam. The "Constitution" stamped
Its seal upon it, ever to remain.

Before his God and Country he hath sworn,
He will not put his power into the one
Which is not his; nor from the people take
"One jot or tittle" more than they bestowed,
Or add the heaviness of fraud thereto,
Lest blindfold Justice should detect the cheat,
And blushing ope her jealous eyes and see
The other "quick fly up and kick the beam."
Her curse upon his head would then descend;
And thus the rights of one, that one the chief,
Against the millions in the scales are weighed;
Yet he, the one, forms but a part of all



That share his power, jointly with their own.
If in the eagle's beak are firmly grasped
The scales of Justice, in her talons too,
She holds avenging weapons, to be hurled
Even at the people's *head*, (if on his heart
Is not engraved the motto of a king)
If he should dare defy their sovereign power.

STANZAS,

ILLUSTRATING BY VISIBLE OR OUTWARD EVIDENCE THE EX-
ISTENCE OF THE SOUL WITHIN.

Even as yon peerless queen of night
Borrows her glory from the sun,
Which is great nature's source of light,
Ordained by the Eternal One;
Even so that spirit light, the soul,
Doth lend its lustre to the eye;
Man's system is one perfect whole,
Whose sun-like centre can not die.

Lo! o'er that cheek now glows the gush
Of feelings which the heart must own;
Resentment kindles there the blush,
That spreads from passion's burning throne:

It sanctified the soul, the fine
Ethereal groves: if not, without
Thus spreads the red darts of desire,
Soon lighted and as soon goes out.

Kindle the heart's altars ever burn
Religion's lamp, and ever shine,
Filled with pure oil, sweet virtue's urn,
That both may beam forth rays divine:
Then may each outward feature be
The counterpart, that shall reveal
The bosom's brightness, whilst we see
The bliss expressed that others feel.

The eye of pleasure beams more bright,
That borrows from the soul its rays;
From joy's pure fountain, where the light
Of mind round new-born rapture plays.
Dare self-accusing conscience meet
The eye of justice, face to face!
The soul, the soul shrinks from deceit,
Whose shame reveals its own disgrace.

The eye's bright language speaks the truth:
Alas! is reason yet so blind,
Man can not *feel*, in age or youth,
Though lost his sight, the light of mind!
Or if thy eye's plucked out, or dim,
Can not thy spirit in thee, see
Light burst through darkness, and from HIM,
The source from whence it sprang to thee!

Hath man the "human face divine?"
Still may what proof we have be given,
If but the light of truth will shine,
Unclouded, from its native heaven.
Profaner of thy God! he'll hush
Thy voice—art thou not breathing lies?
Aye, truly; even *thou* canst blush—
Truth strikes—thy coward falsehood dies.

Lo! yon fair maiden, on whose cheek
Youth's budding lily blooms to-day;
Whose tongue those guileless hopes bespeak,
Which like her charms shall fade away:
Sweet virtue in her snow-white breast,
Has taken refuge for repose;
A villain's look hath pierced her breast,
And now its crimson mantle glows.

Hence monster—feelings pure and young,
Dove-like still nestle in her heart;
Hope's syren song to her is sung,
And love its *purest* joys impart.
Her soul, though conscious of the bliss
Hope's sporting with, would yet conceal
The cherished passion still, yet this
Deep *secret* doth that *blush* reveal.

Behold that wretched man, whose face
With soul-destroying poison burns;
He hath a *secret* too—I'll trace
The cause why he with horror turns

From that, perhaps the guilty spot
Of blood and murder: back he flies,
Turns pale as death—the soul, is 't not,
Signs his death-warrant as he dies!*

Oh, God of nature! power above!
We bless thee that our spirits feel,
The force of truth which but thy love,
Doest gently to our hearts reveal.
Know, you profane, though guilt and sin
Rejects that which it will not see;
He made thy spirit pure within,
But its corruption springs from thee.

When on the parents of our race,
Almighty mind first set his seal,
(Not on the outward form or face
Alone, the senses that reveal:)
Then reason on its lofty throne,
From God to man did not descend,
To test a truth divine, which shone
Ere darkness with the light did blend.

Still, conscious guilt, or conscious shame,
Or vice in any shape, or sin,
Doth haunt the soul and spreads the flame
Without, which burns so bright within.

* It is presumed that there is on record, an instance of some wretched criminal that may have been pursued by justice to his very grave; of one who, having been detected, died under the effects of sudden fear, from a conscientious knowledge of guilt, self-condemned.

Think ye, that when the body dies,
(But death shall soon resolve the doubt)
The SOUL burns brighter in the skies,
Or that the "vital spark" goes out!

January 1, 1834.

IMPROMPTU,

Written and submitted during a private conversation, as an answer to certain questions proposed to the author by a lady, then standing on the brink of the grave, and probably, now deceased.

It can not be—the soul doth shrink
From thoughts of never ending pain :
Shall disembodied spirits sink,
And never hope to rise again !
Grant that there is a hell below,
As sure as there 's a heaven above ;
He would not plunge us there, to know
No mercy there—for "GOD IS LOVE."

Is mental agony that hell
That disembodied spirits feel ?
Who *bruised* (truth's oracles will tell)
"The serpent's head"—"the woman's heel ?"
He who "with healing in his wings"
Brought mercy's token from above,
Where—thus the heavenly minstrel sings,
No darkness veils the GOD OF LOVE.

From heaven to hell did he descend,
And from his throne of bliss to earth ;
Who interceded as the friend
Of man, God's *image* at his birth !
Yes—sin defaced it; death 's the rod
Which strikes the mortal from above;
We die to live, to know the God
Of justice is the GOD OF LOVE.

It can not be—we should not speak
Of an eternity of pain ;
Since he, almighty, made us weak,
The wisest of us, foolish, vain :
It is not so: though ere we die
We *here* must seek that heaven above ;
When purified, shall soar on high,
The spirit to its GOD OF LOVE.

HOPE, LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

A VISION.

Oh! all my fond and cherished hopes have fled,
Thought I, and on my couch once more reclined
My weary limbs, and pillowed there my head,
When care and anguish left my troubled mind.
I had a vision—(how like truth it seems,)
And a pure spirit hovered o'er my dreams.

But, ere I slept, the sunshine of those days,
Long since departed, and their brightness too,
Burst on my mind like unexpected rays,
Or sunbeams through a cloud, upon my view !
For storms had raged within my troubled breast,
Which that bright spirit sweetly lulled to rest.

I sat upon the summit of a cliff,
That overlooked the sun-illuminated sea,
And saw a beautiful, frail, pleasure skiff,
Dance o'er the ripple waves, from danger free.
The spirit said, "the heavens are bright and fair,
Behold yon bark—Hope, Love, and Friendship there."

I smiled—serene, unclouded skies I saw,
And nature's mirror of eternal light :
Love set the sails and Friendship grasped the oar,
Whilst at the helm sat Hope, with eyes as bright
As ever opened in a world like this,
To see the portals close, of earthly bliss.

"Behold!" the spirit said. A sable cloud
I saw approach, and hover o'er the spot ;
They struggled—soon its shadow was their shroud,
And their fair forms laid in a coral grot.
Too late I cried, "oh! blessed spirit! save
Hope, Love and Friendship from an ocean grave!"

A voice replied—"the billowy wave may form,
Exist a moment, and thus cease to be ;
Hope flies from darkness, sunbeams from the storm,
When Love and Friendship's wrecked upon the sea.

Thus youth and beauty here like roses bloom,
And what avails it where they find a tomb.

“Thy own frail bark is launched—and thou hast spread
Its sails—’tis freighted now, with hopes and fears:
Thy hopes have all been wrecked—thy friends are dead—
Life is a troubled sea—a ‘vale of tears.’
Thine, when ’tis gliding to some blissful shore,
Like that frail skiff, may sink to rise no more.”

Reveal thyself—for earth is not thy sphere,
I cried—and heavenly hope stood forth revealed!
She answered—“Are those hopes you’ve cherished here,
Not earthly hopes? their fate’s forever sealed.”
Then said, (and pointed at the clouded sky)
Seek me in heaven, my dwelling place on high!”

THE EXILE'S SONG.

I love to gaze in solitude upon the evening sky;
At midnight on the moon, when vapours glide so swiftly by;
Upon the countless host of stars, and think that those I love,
May at that blessed moment think of me and heaven above.

Then Fancy, meditating, thinks she sees assembled there,
The shadows of departed friends, the spirits of the air;
And that she hears the songs of angels as the seraphs sing,
Time swifter than a vapour flies, and life is on the wing.

I love to hear the zephyr spirits sport among the trees ;
To sit beneath the waving grove fanned by the evening breeze;
To hold communion there with those from earth forever fled,
And listen to the "still small voices" of the silent dead.

And oh ! to gaze on heaven above, at such an hour as this,
Must prompt the soul to hope for an eternity of bliss ;
To see the works of God, and thus behold his glory shine,
Should thus reflect back on the heart the light of love divine.

Oh, silence ! sacred solitude ! we greet those peaceful shades,
Where no rude revelry or mirth thy calm retreat invades :
My soul ! expansive as the light that visiteth my eyes,
Swell and embrace angelic hope, descending from the skies.

TO THE EVENING TWILIGHT.


Spirit that softly steals the light away,
When sinks the setting sun beneath yon hill,
Yet lingers with the latest glimpse of day,
As evening, unperceived, approaches still :
Thou seem'st the harbinger of gentle peace,
Breathing to busy day a kind farewell ;
Thou bid'st the husbandman from labour cease,
And with contentment in thy shades to dwell :
And yet reluctantly thou see'st depart,
The light which makes thee doubtful as thou art.

Spirit ~~that~~^{thou} visitest each lone retreat—

The shady grove, at this thy twilight hour ;
Those whom the humble shepherds love to greet,
Returning home, who feel thy magic power :
Thou who inhabitest each quiet spot,
And breathest through thy domains a spell around
The rustic bower or the rural grot,
And hovers o'er love's consecrated ground—
Spirit that softly steals the light away,
That throws thy mantle o'er departing day.

Oh! thou whose dusky wing but half conceals
The face of nature ere we seek repose ;
And who, departing hence, but half reveals
Thyself—oh, 'thou! who such enchantment throws
Round every object that each village swain
So loves to look upon, and holds so dear !
Revisit soon thy sylvan haunts again,
Since nought accords with my soul's sadness here :
A mournful shade like evening twilight now,
Spreads soft and silently upon my brow.

The weary peasant, when his toils are o'er,
And day's departing glories sink to rest,
Shall, sitting at his rural cottage door,
Hail thy approach, to him a welcome guest.
And he shall own that as the setting sun
Shall be restored to-morrow and shall rise ;
So when this dark career of life has run,
A brighter light shall dawn from brighter skies :
The night of death shall soon have passed away,
And not till then will shine eternal day.



FRAGMENT

OF A "NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS."

TIME STILL IS HERE :—When seas no longer roll ;
The ocean's foamy waves from pole to pole ;
When spring and summer—autumn, winter, here
No longer mark the changes of the year ;
When cloud-wreathed mountains, that embrace the skies,
Shrink into nought, and vanish from all eyes,
And Etna, bursting from its base, shall spread
Flames that shall decompose earth's rocky bed ;
When yon bright stars grow dim, that shed their light,
No sun shall shine by day, no moon by night ;
When man and nature tremble at the strife
Which threatens then the universe of life,
And death's deep darkness o'er this earth shall spread,
And graves, wide opened, shall yield up their dead ;
Ah ! then, when chaos rules, that reigned before
Earth filled its space, then—" *Time shall be no more.*"

TO MY FRIEND "THE DOCTOR."

(AN ANONYMOUS POET IMITATED.)

" What's the matter ?—Why—the matter."

I've got the dyspepsia—the spleen ;
I've got the blue devils—the vapours :
Last night I got up in a dream,
Then *down* I went cutting *up* capers.

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Who raps at the door air—who knocks ?
 Duns and bailiffs I mortally hate !
 Oh ! that they were all placed in the *stocks*,
 And I at the head of the state.

With the "French funds" I've nothing to do :
 My head hath been shaved—I talk strange !
 I've got the dyspepsia, 'tis true,
 And a five dollar *bill of exchange*.

Like a broker with that I must part,
 Though I sell it for medical drugs:
 I've failed, I have broken my heart ;
 I am crazy, and so are bed bugs.

I don't see the papers at all:
 Are all their *heads* powdered in France ?
 Do the Turks show their *heels* at a ball ?
 Do the Russian bears fiddle or dance ?

I am *high* though my spirits are *low* ;
 I sigh not for fame, but for cash :
 I wonder if great "Touch-and-go"
 'Mong the "pinks" of New York cuts a dash !

Cupid's shafts, beauty's smile can not wound me,
 The clouds hide the stars in the skies :
 Spring scatters no roses around me,
 The ladies no light from their eyes.

I'm sick of milk-porridge and rice ;
 At physic I turn up my nose ;
 I swallow the doctor's advice,
 Take laud'num and murder repose.

Oh doctor—oh doctor ! I faint !
 ("T'was a thrust from the *room-attic* lance)—
 I'll whistle away my complaint,
 To the tune let the blue devils dance.

Apr. 26. 1829.

THE EVIL GENIUS OF THE HARTFORD CONVENTION.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND SHALL PREVAIL."

Black calumny had birth in those dark "days
 That tried men's souls," whose spirits were born free.
 Since then, *four mouthed*, misshapen slander grew
 Into a monster of gigantic size :
 And like the prince of darkness hath he here
 Been "walking to and fro" the wide domains
 Of freedom's realms :—He cast his shadow o'er
 The doubtful past, and so obscured the sun
 Of Liberty, that shone on present times,
 That man upon its brightness could not look
 To see the light of truth when shining there—
 Till Dwight (immortal be his name for this)
 Scattered the clouds of error from our eyes.

Ah ! now we see the monster calumny,
Begot by falsehood in the arms of hate :
Let Patriotism raise his arm and strike,
And hurl the giant from his sable throne!
Tear out his tongue—his heart that filled his head
With lies, but to pollute my country's fame ;
The untarnished virtue of her champion sons,
Whose names his canker breath dishonour not,
And crush him thus.

He struggles, trampled on the earth, and dies.
Oh patriotic virtue, fly his grave,
Avoid and shun the loathsome carcass there.

STANZAS,

Addressed to a young lady, and sent, accompanied with a tortoise shell comb, to replace one which was accidentally broken by the writer.

Among the dark-eyed, blue-eyed, bright-eyed girls,
Some are brunette, some rosy bright and fair ;
O'er their white brows are hung, in clustering curls,
Jet black, or auburne's golden ringlets there.

Lest lurking love should pilfer them away,
Beauty's imprisoned locks are fettered fast ;
Give me one, lady, lest I go astray,
And break these fetters as I broke the last.

Alas! love has "his labour for his pains"—
 A thousand sentinels guard beauty's charms;
 She smiles, and rivets thus the heart with chains—
 Denies that *freedom* which her power disarms.

Play thou the gentle tyrant with the heart,
 Yet be *discreet*.—One cold look, lady, gives
 Me freely leave to break thy chains apart,
 And bids the passion die, which, lingering, lives.

EPILOGUE,

OR SUBSTANCE OF A "NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS."

Carrier.

Accept the poet's compliments, and mine;
 The courteous editor's—the season's thanks;
 The new year's bounty, and the old year's wine;
 Dame Fortune's prizes; and *no* "Treasury Banks."

Patron.

I do reciprocate; when fortune brings
 Warm weather back again, you need not range—

Carrier.

Stay, sir—We "Carrier Pigeons" all have wings,
 And fly away—

Patron.

But not without your *change*.

THE MERMAID'S SONG

TO THE "HORNET."

by H. S. Collins
I came from ocean's deepest cave,
And near the ruins of a wreck,
Snatched this sea garland from a grave,
Whose weeds had overgrown the deck.
List—listen to the mermaid's song,
Though shrill her voice, and wild the note;
The music of the seas belong
To those that o'er our caverns float.

The spirit of the storm below,
Awakened from his ocean bed,
And sent his messenger of woe
To bid the living join the dead.
This mirror surface of the sea,
Whose heavy swelling bosom's still
As death, when mountain waves shall be
The subject of our Neptune's will.

List, mariners! the sea-bird screams,
The tempest and the whirlwind's nigh!
Now starts, affrighted in his dreams,
The sailor boy, whose visions fly,
Like phantoms from the home of bliss
That sailed on fancy's pinions there,
To know that in a world like this,
Hope's spirit leaves it in despair.

THE STATE OF NEW YORK
IN SENATE
JANUARY 12, 1910.
REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE.

ALBANY: J. B. LEECH, STATE PRINTER.

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Her gallant crew will rise no more,
Till wakened from their ocean bed ;
She, anchored 'neath life's bleak shore,
Hath joined the navy of the dead.

THE POLISH LEADER TO HIS FOLLOWERS.

Behold the Russian tyrant's host,
Whose army darkens yonder plains ;
Our gallant band may scorn the boast
Of him, whose subjects fight in chains.
Slaves of the autocrat ! advance,
And meet us on the battle-field ;
Where breast to breast, and lance to lance,
We'll try the strength of freedom's shield.

Lo ! like a cloud of darkness comes,
Those fierce invaders of our land ;
Sound, " sound the trumpet, beat the drums,"
And firmer grasp your swords in hand.
They know not yet their foe is nigh ;
Let war's shrill, loudest blast be blown,
And lift our country's banner high,
That Poland's *welcome* may be known.

See, see their long extended lines,
Halt, panic-struck with base-born fear ;
'T will dim our glory, which shall shine,
When face to face we meet them here.

But glory's light shall fade away,
Ere it shall sparkle on the crest
Of those who come in arms to slay
Our guardian eagle in her nest.

Hark! echo brings war's loud alarms,
With Russia's thunder on her wings;
Up, injured Poland! and to arms!
And fear none but the king of kings.
Ye brave and true! act well your parts,
On this eventful day of strife;
And as ye strike them to their hearts,
Shout, conquest—liberty and life.

Now for the fray—be quick unfurled
Each banner sheet—the signal give;
And show proud Russia and the world,
Beneath whose power on earth we live.
The *world* is gazing at us now,
Which gives to glory all her charms;
We'll "pluck bright honours" for each brow,
And live or die in freedom's arms.

Turn from the mirror bright thy brighter eyes,
And see thy image *here* upon my heart.

Downingville Rambler.

Oh! she is like the birds that sing
Beside some sportive stream, which flows
Where all the verdure of the spring,
And summer's blushing beauty grows.

With eyes that sparkle and illume
Her polished brow, so fair and bright,
Where not a cloud o'erspreads a gloom,
Whose shadow would eclipse their light.

And pure and guileless is her heart,
That's happy in her cottage home;
From that her hopes would never part,
From that she never sighed to roam.

Contentment dwells within her cot;
And never hath assailed her ear,
One word that virtue's page would blot,
That modesty would shrink to hear.

Her sinless lips were never pressed
By any save her bosom friends;
By all the village girls caressed,
Her love unenvied makes amends.

Beneath religion's light, unfurled,
Her hopes shrink back from earthly strife;
Dove-like, they flutter o'er the world,
But rest upon the "tree of life."

Alas! perfection dwells not here;
She purifies each moral stain—
Each human foible with a tear,
Ere conscious virtue smiles again.

Oh! could I hie me to her cot,
To win her ere the "bird has flown;"
Supremely blessed would be my lot,
To "love her for herself alone."

STANZAS,

Occasioned by the exhibition of a beautiful miniature picture of a young lady, by Mr. D. Dickinson, of Philadelphia.

Oh! for a pencil that can paint like truth ;
Art! canst thou sketch the pictures of my mind ;
Beholding this fair counterfeit of youth,
And bright-eyed beauty, on her couch reclined !
Thou art most blessed, who with soft hues dost blend
The lily's whiteness with the crimson rose ;
And to cold ivory's lifeless surface lend
Those living blushes, which o'er beauty glows.

I fondly love to dwell upon each grace,
That smiling, sits enthroned on woman's brow,
'Neath which two crimson *halos* on her face,
Shed from the soul, play round their dimples now.
Fair as mid-day, 'neath yon unclouded skies,
Is the bright smile her features love to wear ;
The living light we see in beauty's eyes,
Comes from the heart, with all its brightness there.

Art, which can only mimic nature, gives
Those eyes no soul illumined rays of light,
But such expressions penciled there, it lives
E'en like those smiles we see in visions bright:
To lips, no magic power to speak the words
Of love, which so delights the listening ear,
Or breathe forth music like the warbling birds,
Those are art's voiceless lips, which can not hear.

Ah! thou can'st sketch a form which is thus fair,
A bosom which enshrines no beating heart;
Hands too, with which the lily may compare,
Nature's fair copy, though 't is cold as art.
Deceive us oft, that we may be beguiled;
Paint in true colours those we hold most dear,
That father, mother, sister, friend or child,
When dead, may leave a well known image here.

Those pictures are all beautiful—but this
Is fancy's offspring, for she gave it birth,
When to thy slumbers, in a dream of bliss,
Some angel wandered o'er the sleeping earth;
And bright-eyed genius, gazing at their beams,
Cried, "sketch that form, but veil those heavenly eyes!"
'T was but a shadowy image of thy dreams;
So fancy's sketch away with fancy flies.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

It must be so, Plato, thou reason'st well.

Addison.

Eternal source of all created things,
 Who sittest on thy starry throne above!
 Around whose spheres thy host angelic sings
 Thy wonder-working miracles of love.
 Thou breathest on the world which thou hast made,
 That breath of life which animates this clay,
 As thou hast done on those, alas! who strayed
 From Eden's blissful scenes, and from thy love away.

The "vital spark of heavenly flame" hast thou
 Warmed every bosom with, which beats on earth;
 It glows within this breast—I feel it now;
 Yet how mysterious! when at our birth,
 Finished and perfect from thy hands we came,
 Then thou didst bid life's crimson current flow
 Through every throbbing pulse, which in this frame
 Leaps, as the streamlets through their channels go.

Unerring nature! though no eye can see
 Th' almighty source of all created things,
 Yet we are *conscious* that this mystery
 Is known to only thee, the king of kings!
 "Our being's end and aim" we learn from thee,
 The great first cause which still upholds our youth!
 But whence this conscious *knowledge*? How should we
 Commune! consult the oracles of truth.

Here from the heart an answer may be given—

Thou who hast formed this body from the earth,

Didst breathe in it ethereal breath from heaven,

Hast launched us into life, and gave us birth :

Dove-like thy holy spirit brooded o'er

The bosom, where its *essence* was enshrined

Within the heart, to live forevermore :

Truth emanates from thee, that flashes on my *mind*!

Pure and untainted as the breath of morn,

That wafts the summer sweets o'er vale and hills,

Clear as the light which gilds day's early dawn—

More pure than chrystal streams and mountain rills,

Forth from its holy fount the spirit came,

Sinless and guileless as a snow-white dove;

Within man's bosom burns a living flame,

Beneath the altars of thy throne above.

From whence 'tis formed, the body to the dust

Shall sink into corruption in the grave ;

Not so the spirit—if its deeds are just,

It shall return to him on high, who gave

The blessed boon of origin divine ;

And to its native realms it shall arise—

Burst from its prison house of clay to shine


Near his eternal throne who dwells above the skies.

SABBATH THOUGHTS.

There's a time when the feelings will gush from the breast,
Like a bright mountain stream to its blue sea of rest:
When the heart with new raptures beats quick with delight,
When each lively emotion is tender and bright.
'T is when love is the wild and bewildering theme,
And when hope as we slumber sheds light o'er a dream,
Like a star which bursts forth in the soft glowing skies,
Which a silvery cloud had concealed from our eyes.

We may gaze on that cloud as a curtain of light,
And we know that the prospect beyond it is bright!
Thus in youth when the spirits are buoyant as air,
And the past in perspective—the present, is fair;
Through the veil of the future no dark cloud appears,
To plunge the bright smile in a fountain of tears;
But the young heart beats high with emotions of bliss,
And the fair curtained future seems brighter than this.

There are times when in manhood our feelings will flow,
Like the murmuring streams through the valley below:
As they glide o'er their smooth pebbled beds to the sea,
Flow these sweet sabbath musings serenely from me.
And as mournfully now they come forth from the heart,
But the tear is suppressed that is ready to start
From the eye that looks back on the past, which has flown
Like the bright hopes of youth—like the joys I have known.



There's a time when our locks shall grow silvery white,
When our strength shall have failed; and the eye that is
 bright
Shall be dimmed; when we stand upon life's bleaky shore,
And review the short journey of life that is o'er.
To the wicked, how dreadful death's summons must be,
Should no light then illumine a path o'er the sea!
When we plunge in death's billows, if just, we shall rise
To the mansions of bliss—to the realms of the skies.

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

She sleeps—day's last departing beam
 Yet lingers on the maiden's brow;
Midsummer's twilight shadows seem
 To blend more softly o'er her now.
 How dim his ray
 Whilst doubtful day
Throws twilight's mantle o'er her breast;
 Fond hope departs
 From broken hearts,
Whose spirits long to be at rest.

She sleeps—in robes of virgin white,
 Pure as the love that is enshrined
In her soft bosom—as the light
 Reflected o'er her spotless mind.
 Life can not last,
 When hope is past,

That faded like her beauty's bloom ;
 Though love has fled,
 And hope is dead,
She dreams, reposing o'er his tomb.
She sleeps—beside a murmuring stream—
 Heaven's star-lit canopy's above ;
And chaste as Dian's thought the dream
 That greets the vision of her love.
 A banner sheet
 Lies at her feet,
The staff in broken fragments, where
 Lies, half concealed,
 A sword and shield—
Sad relics ! fancy left them there.
A mantled form, that dimly shows
 A youthful warrior's steel-clad breast—
A face whose downcast eye she knows,
 Now beams upon the sleeper's rest :—
 A helmet plumed,
 A gash, that doomed
The youth to death, is on his brow—
 What fancy saw
 Is seen no more ;
She wakes to real anguish now.

THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW.

The spirit of hope is an angel of light,
Whose smile is serene, and whose features are bright,
As the clear blue expanse of the soft glowing skies,
Where beauty abounds and where mystery lies ;

Unseen is the spirit when hovering near
The altars of faith, to religion so dear;
But her presence is felt when her bright wings are spread
O'er the heart, when its fondest affections are dead.

The shadow of hope from the scene of our birth,
In the dream of our youth wanders over the earth;
And the fair fond deceiver's a phantom so bright,
When she stands betwixt us and that angel of light—
The heart she beguiles, when in childhood and youth,
We renounce for the shadow, the substance of truth:
But when disappointment like a dark cloud appears,
The false one has vanished and left us in tears.

The spirit of hope then returns to impart,
If attended by faith, promised joys to the heart;
Like an angel of peace, and with outspreading wings,
To the fountain she guides us whence happiness springs.
From the cold world estranged, and from envy and strife,
She bids us there drink of the waters of life;
And there, if the light of the gospel abound,
Can hope shed a halo each bosom around.

If then and forever hope's *shadow* has fled,
Like a dream half remembered—if then we are dead
To the sins of the world, hope's promise shall give
This blessed assurance—*again we shall live!*
The visions and dreams, and false phantoms of bliss,
Which crowd round the mind in a bleak world like this,
Shall die in the heart when we "live in the Lord,"
And the promise of hope shall insure its reward.

TO THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

Why, mountain stream, why flow so fast,
So careless to the deep;
Would'st prompt me to forget the past—
To smile, and not to weep?

Would'st thou beguile my heart from woe,
And calm my anxious fears?
Alas! thy crystal waters flow,
And mingle with my tears.

With thee my thoughts shall glide along
The sportive course I trace;
And while I chaunt a sylvan song,
I'll seek thy resting place.

But from thy mountain shades why stray—
Where, whither dost thou roam?
Why flow thus mournfully away,
From this thy native home?

Like me thy youth is gliding by,
(Thy murmurs seem to say):
Fate's fixed decrees, both thou and I
Are destined to obey.

But hope is still the much loved theme—
Thou seem'st more gentle now:
Less hurried art thou, mountain stream,
Unruffled is my brow.

Flow softly on and where you will,
 That I may follow thee:
 A heedless running mountain rill
 May show life's destiny.

Through these dark labyrinths why stray,
 Lo! danger's lurking nigh!
 Turn from that precipice away,
 Bright mountain stream, pass by.

Oh! may we thus avoid the brink
 Of danger in the world;
 There folly ventures but to sink,
 When to destruction hurled.

Join rivulet, that beauteous stream,
 That strives to meet with thee:
 Like its diverted course, the dream
 Of early love may be.

I hear thy murmurs, flowing rill—
 Why seek yon sylvan grove?
 Hope softly whispers to me still,
 That is the vale of love.

My destiny resembles thine;
 How changed is now thy form!
 Life's path hath been thus serpentine,
 Since youth's eventful morn.

Through sylvan groves and woodlands, thou
(A mountain stream no more)—
Dost flow, and through that valley now,
Towards a rocky shore.

Now, over rugged falls you go,
And down thy waters rush ;
Alas ! I see them foam below—
The moral makes us blush.

Fair virtue, straying from her path,
Runs folly's mad career :
If fools at desolation laugh,
They'll shrink when DANGER's near.

The storm now agitates thy breast,
Since thou art mighty grown :
Contending currents break thy rest,
Thy banks are overflown.

Those fragments (on the storm seas tost)
Of wrecks, float o'er the graves
Of mariners which have been lost,
'Neath ocean's foamy waves.

Roll on, roll on : ah ! now I trace
Life's progress in thy own :
The OCEAN's thy last dwelling place,
ETERNITY's my home.

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